# The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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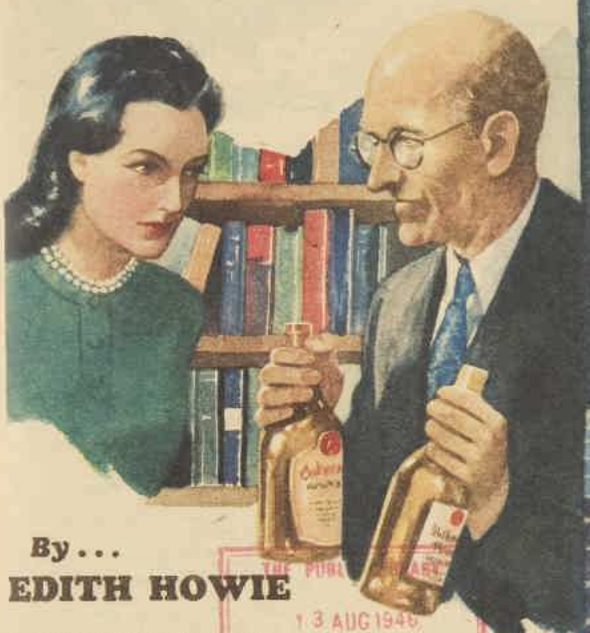

By . . .
**EDITH HOWIE**

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY
13 AUG 1946
NEW SOUTH WALES

*LINDA WARE, pretty librarian, anticipates trouble over her romance with ANDY HARCOURT, grandson of CHARLES HAYNES GARDNER, leading citizen of the town of Edgewater, as Andy warns her that his grandfather and ELSA GARDNER, his aunt, are determined that he shall marry his cousin GLORIA, Elsa's daughter, to keep the Gardner fortune in the family.*

*When Charles Gardner seeks Linda out at the library, she first tries to avoid him, turning her work over to MARILYN FRANK, then charges him point-blank with coming there to "look her over." To her surprise the old man seems pleased by her directness.*

*That same evening, when Andy brings her home after an outing to the apartment which she shares with JANET METCALFE, Charles Gardner's confidential secretary, they are staggered to find Elsa Gardner there with Gloria and IRVEN WAGNER, her son by a former marriage, soliciting Janet's help for a charity drive. Elsa ignores Linda so pointedly that after she has gone Andy declares that he will give Linda her ring and announce their engagement the next day.*

*He and Linda and Janet quarrel violently over the whole affair, but Janet later apologises to Linda and confides that she and Irven are secretly in love. She also hints at mysterious trouble at the Gardner Machine Works, and finally leaves Linda with the impression that she is seriously worried.*

*Linda continues her story:—*

THE next day was Friday, the blackest day of my life. I think I shall never like Friday again. It began early in the morning when I remembered that I had to be at the library by nine o'clock.

Ordinarily I don't get down until ten, but Marilyn Frank had asked me if I'd please—pretty please—take her place, just this once, while she got a new permanent. I'm too softhearted for my own good. I said I would.

Of course I overslept. I'd neglected to tell Janet of my change in hours so she hadn't bothered to call me. There was just time, when I finally did wake up, to leap into my clothes and telephone frantically for a taxi while I sipped reheated coffee.

Janet had left a note propped against the sugar bowl. I eyed it between peeks out of the window for the taxi. She'd written: "Sorry I was such a fool last night. You're right—it is better in the morning. How about dinner somewhere—just us two old hens? I'll call you. J."

The taxi arrived just then, so I stuffed the note into my pocket and fled, leaving holocaust, in the shape of dirty dishes and rumpled beds, behind me.

There were three doors by which you could make entrance to the library proper, but the library employees had keys only to the one—a small side door that opened from a four-stepped porch directly into the private office and cloakroom.

This office was on the east side of the building and balanced the private office of Myra Collins, our head librarian. This was on the west between one of the reading lounges and the main room of the library.

The third was a basement door which led through a narrow hallway into the children's department. This door and the one in the main hall could be locked only from the inside. For the other, the side door, each librarian had a key. These, with the janitor's, numbered seven.

It was to this little side door that I hurried that morning. I was already ten minutes late—the clock at the oil station pointed that.

I didn't need my key. The door stood a little bit ajar and the knob turned easily in my hand. I dropped the key back in my purse and drew a breath of relief—that meant that Mr. Hobbs was surely down. I pushed open the door and stepped into the dim-lit librarian's office.

The librarian's office was always dark and crowded and dreary, even on the pleasantest day. There was too much stuff in it—typewriter desks, tables, a locker, countless items that had no other particular home, and the sliding door for the dumb-waiter on which we conveyed books to the basement.

The dumb-waiter was an afterthought, having been constructed at a much later date than the building, and so it jutted out into the room proper, taking up space we needed badly for other things.

I tossed my hat and coat into the locker and went forth expecting to meet a discouraging array of books for shelving; the night before had been a heavy one, I knew. I was agreeably disappointed. Instead I found Mr. Hobbs over among the fiction shelves working busily.

I said, "Why, Mr. Hobbs! Aren't you an angel! Have you really done them all?"

He grinned impishly at me. "There's the last, Miss, and don't go thanking me. I'd a bit of spare time on me 'ands and I'd 'appened to overhear the young lady when she was talking you into doing 'er share of the work, so I thought I'd best give you a 'and."

"A hand is right," I said gratefully, surveying the lengths of shelves, now all beautifully straightened and in order. No danger of Mr. Hobbs filing a book in the wrong place, either. He was as familiar with the library as we were.

Mr. Hobbs was the janitor, a queer little dried-up Englishman of cockney extraction. Nobody but himself knew just how old he was, but his eyes were monkey-bright and there was little that happened in the library that escaped their vision. Mostly he went about his work quietly and inconspicuously. Some of the girls thought him surly, but they also said that if he happened to like you there was nothing he wouldn't do for you.

I was thankful he liked me, that morning.

I said, "Well, thanks a lot. I'll pray for you to-night. Now I can get at the papers."

We took about fifty or sixty daily newspapers at the library, and the job of taking them out of their wrappers and slipping them into their holders was no sinecure. It had to be done, too, first thing every day, for the west reading room was filled from morning to night with men and women who came for the express purpose of reading the papers.

I was just shaking out the Los Angeles Times when Mr. Hobbs came back to the desk. He said, "I thought you'd be hinterested to be seeing this, Miss."

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*Fighting against the wind, Linda anxiously mounted the steps to the deserted library.*



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# Five dollars to Spend

*"This is a very rare piece. We don't sell junk," he said, haughtily.*

**By VALERIA GRIFFITH**

EARLY morning sunlight sparkling into the farm kitchen emphasised its friendly charm. Before she put on her hat, Louise Grant watered the begonias in the window, the note for Charlie reminding him of her errand and the time of her return leaning against a plate on the table.

Not that the note was necessary. She and Charlie and the children had discussed her trip to Kansas City ever since the letter came, and at breakfast time Charlie had laid the five-dollar bill beside her plate. "For Linda's present," he said. It was a magnificent gesture on his part, for five dollars was a good deal more than they usually spent on a single birthday present.

She pulled on her neatly mended gloves and looked in her purse once more to make sure the bill was tucked safely inside. Briskly she walked the quarter-mile to the highway. At her signal the Kansas City bus swung into the crossroads and stopped. Once aboard, she opened Linda's letter again.

Letters from her younger sister were exciting and rare. This one was highly satisfactory. It described the opening of Linda's new show and the marvellous costumes she wore in it. There were two whole pages devoted to details of the redecorating of her apartment.

It was on these pages that Louise concentrated now: "I'm having the place completely done over. Victorian, this time. I bought a handsome old cabinet and I'm going to display my collection of frosted coin glass in it. You'd be surprised how much I have now. I started with those four pieces of Grandmother's. Remember?"

Indeed, Louise did remember the frosted coin glass that had been their grandmother's. She'd never seen any that was prettier.

Louise had had the covered sugar-bowl on the table the time of Linda's visit to the farm years ago, and she had exclaimed over it. "I'd forgotten this, Louise. It's beautiful. There are more pieces, too, aren't there?"

Louise had bought from the pantry the cream-jug, the tall, footed jelly-dish, and the cake-stand. Linda continued to admire them, until Louise said, "She was your grandmother as well as mine. I think some of the pieces should be yours."

Linda had reached for the sugar-bowl and the cake-stand. "But it seems a shame to break the set up, doesn't it?" she said doubtfully. Finally, on the last afternoon of her visit, Charlie had got a box and carefully packed all the pieces with newspaper. There was a space left in the box, and Louise brought out the top of a butter-dish. "I don't suppose you want this, Linda? There isn't any base. It got broken."

Linda picked up the square cover. "I might as well take it along. I might locate a base somewhere."

Linda referred to the butter-dish in this letter. "I've picked up pieces here and there, and finally completed my collection. I have compotes, sauce-dishes, goblets, everything. Everything, that is, except the base to that butter-dish. The only one I've seen isn't for sale, and of course I don't have much time to look around."

When Louise read the letter she had her wonderful idea. She would go to Kansas City and find the butter-dish base for Linda's birthday. There were lots of antique shops in Kansas City, and she was going to take a whole day and look inside all of them. The prospect delighted her.

She wasn't concerned at all when, after an hour's search, she hadn't found the butter-dish base. She had known it wasn't going to be easy.

She did find other interesting and amusing things, though. There was the tiny china doll's head that looked astonishingly like her Susan. What fun it would be to make a little body for it and design a costume, with Susan's help. And there was the lion bank of iron that might be just the thing to deflect the path of Richard's pennies. But she hadn't the money for them.

Lunchtime came so soon it amazed her. She had gone to all the smaller shops, and now she had a new list given her by a sympathetic shopkeeper. "Some of these places are pretty expensive," the woman warned. "You'll really have to pay for things in them."

"I expect to," Louise said, smiling and thanking her.

There was no dust or disorder in the places she went to in the afternoon. The floors were carpeted, and Dresden candlesticks and figurines were displayed behind glittering glass. In almost every place there was a piece of frosted coin, but no butter-dish.

She was weary and dishevelled when she reached the end of the list. There was only one more place, and it was ten blocks from the shopping district. She consulted her watch. There was scarcely more than an hour before the bus left. She bent her head to the wind and buttoned the collar of her coat.

Her feet hurt. Her shoes were just a bit too tight. Linda's feet never hurt. She had her shoes made of the finest leather.

Linda never walked miles in the cold looking for a present she could afford, either. She could afford practically anything. She was a clever girl. She'd made a wonderful life for herself. She had everything Louise didn't have—except Charlie and the children.

She trudged the last long block. The children would be home from school now. Probably with no one there to warn them they'd track muddy snow across her freshly waxed floor, and no doubt she'd find crumbs from one end of the house to the other. Linda had a maid. She never worried about crumbs or dusted a chair or ironed a blouse for herself . . .

Louise stood inside the Maxwell-Stevenson shop for a few moments gratefully absorbing the warmth. There were two other people in the room. A girl in a soft belted coat and a tiny hat stood by a cabinet of jewellery. She held a fine gold necklace in her hand. The man beside her had thin, silky hair and a plump, pink face. He reached into the cabinet and brought out another necklace. But he didn't look at it. Just at the girl.

The girl turned, and Louise saw that she was young and very pretty. Almost as pretty as Linda. "I'll look at these while you wait on her, Mr. Stevenson," the girl said.

Reluctantly he left her side and came to Louise. "Yes?" he said.

Rapidly she explained her mission. She backed to the door as she talked and, when the young man said in a bored voice, "I think we have that piece," she didn't understand him at first. "I'll bring it in," he said, and left the room with a backward glance at the girl. He returned, carrying the butter-dish. It sparkled beautifully.

Louise exclaimed with pleasure and surprise. "Oh, yes," she said, "that's it!" She smiled at the girl. "I've been looking all day for this. It's to be a present for my sister." She opened her purse and took out the five-dollar bill. Then she asked, "How much is it?"

The man looked at the bill, and the corner of his mouth twitched. "Thirty-five dollars."

"No!" Louise cried involuntarily.

The man drew himself up haughtily. "This is a very rare piece. We don't sell junk in here."

"Of course not," Louise said. She felt sick with embarrassment and humiliation. She crumpled the bill out of sight in the palm of her hand. "You see," she explained, "I didn't want the whole butter-dish. Just the base."

"Well, you won't find anything like that in here," he said. "Damaged pieces aren't worth the bother. If I had a butter-dish base and no cover I'd give it to you just to get it out of the shop."

The girl came over and edged in between Louise and the man. "I've heard of the frosted coin pattern," she said, "but I've never seen it."

She reached for the dish, and then everything happened fast. Louise had a blurred impression of the man juggling the cover of the butter-dish and then she saw it drop to the floor, roll on its side, and crack sharply. It lay at their feet in shining halves.

The girl stepped back. "How clumsy of you, Mr. Stevenson," she said coolly. She looked at the butter-dish base, square and perfect in his pudgy hands. Then she said, "Why don't you wrap it up for the lady, Mr. Stevenson?"

"Really!" he said. "Well, really."

The girl was laughing now. "After all, you can't be bothered with damaged goods in a place like this can you?"

"Yes," he said. "No, of course not. Really, Miss London. Thirty-five dollars! I don't know what to say."

She laid her alligator purse on the counter and played with the clasp. "I wouldn't worry about it if I were you."

Completely flustered, he found paper and string and wrapped up the dish.

"I couldn't take it," Louise said. "Not without paying."

The girl put the package in her hands. "Nonsense," she said. "It isn't worth anything to Mr. Stevenson. He'll thank you for getting rid of it for him . . ."

Outside the door Louise recklessly hailed a passing cab. The five-dollar bill was still crumpled in her hand. She leaned forward to instruct the driver. First that little second-hand store to buy the doll's head for Susan and the iron bank for Richard. On the way to the station she'd get Charlie some of that expensive tobacco he liked.

She hugged the butter-dish to her side. How wonderful it was that she had the right present for Linda. Something that would make her happy, for, after all, Linda didn't have so much. It couldn't be very nice living all alone in an apartment, even if it was filled with Victorian furniture.

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# AMBASSADOR of Love

## By RICHARD STERN

THE day did not even begin well. Cook found Lucas' note first thing when she opened the kitchen. The note was pinned to the cupboard over the sink and it said, briefly: "George is not to be allowed in the front of the house this morning. Put some rum in his milk if he objects."

Cook said, "Mercy!" and she looked at George, who was beneath the stove scratching himself and yawning as cats do when they awaken. Cook was afraid of George. George was big and his whiskers were long and his tail was a mere stub which could express in rapid, lucid succession satisfaction, displeasure, happiness, and anger. And George's habits, too, generated fear in Cook's mind, for they smacked of the supernatural.

There was George's taste for rum, for instance, which savored of fire and brimstone and the devil's prompting, but which was actually traceable to Tim McCoy's teaching one hot summer afternoon. There was also his penchant for fighting, which was sheer ebullience and joy in prowess, and had resulted in complete domination of everything in the neighborhood that walked on four legs. Except the dog two doors away, who was penned and was not consequently available for combat.

And then there was George's habit of picking a flower from the garden and trotting proudly with it into Tim's and Lucas' bedroom each morning. The habit was not explicable. It had already been well established when Cook came to the McCoys. Neither Tim nor Lucas, as a matter of fact, could remember its origin or its cause.

Beneath the stove, George completed his morning bath. He stretched once more and yawned cavernously and, ignoring Cook, he trotted to the back door, his stub tail high. He pushed the door with his shoulder and trotted out into the yard. Cook read the note again and muttered to herself, then set about her preparations.

When George returned, he carried a pink-and-white carnation crosswise in his mouth. His tail was high and his whiskers curled briskly and his attitude was that of a man bent on a pleasant errand. Then he saw the closed door to the dining room and he stopped short in the middle of the kitchen floor. He looked at Cook.

Cook said, "I can't help it, George. Them's my orders." And she gestured toward the note.

George's tail stub dropped and began to twitch.

"It ain't my fault," Cook repeated, and her voice rose. She seized a saucer of milk from the sink and held it out. "Here," she said soothingly. "I've fixed you some nice warm milk with rum in it." She held the saucer down in front of George's nose and he sniffed at it appreciatively. Cook extended her other hand. "Won't you give me the flower?" she cooed.

George, mollified by the milk and by the tempting aroma of rum, cast habit to the winds. He dropped the carnation into Cook's hand and he followed the saucer as she moved it over under the stove. He looked at her only once before he crouched, and his pink tongue began to lap with a steady beat.

Cook felt relieved and superior. She indulged her superiority. "You'll get drunk," she said loftily.

George paid no heed. . . .

While George lapped up his rum, the rest of the family began to stir slowly. Lucas awakened first. Her dreams had not been pleasant. She looked across at Tim. He was supine and his mouth was closed and his chest rose and fell rhythmically without a sound.

"You're like a sloth!" Lucas said sharply, without reason. "You don't move and you don't twitch and you look so—so comfortable!"

Tim awoke on the final word. He awakened as he slept, easily and quickly.

"Good morning," he said. Automatically he looked around the room. "Where's George?" And then he remembered. "Oh!"

Lucas said, "I will not have that shaggy beast in the front of my house, let alone in my bedroom. Putting his claws into the furniture and shedding like a pine tree. We went through that last night."

Tim took it calmly. George had been banned before. He stretched and reached for a cigarette. "I miss George," he said. "He'll stop bringing flowers, you know, now that we won't let him in."

Lucas was hunting for a housecoat. "I don't care. He can't come in. I told Cook not to let him through—"

"He might take Cook's leg off," Tim pointed out.

"And I told Cook to give him some rum in his milk just to keep him happy." She had her robe and one slipper, but the other was beneath the bed and she could not reach it. She straightened up and stamped her bare foot. "He's probably guzzling his rum now. The brute!"

"Hey," said Tim softly. He caught her arm as she went by. "Hey," he repeated, rumpling her hair. She struggled for a moment and then was relaxed, and he held her tight and kissed the tip of her ear. "Hey," he whispered, and she burrowed against his shoulder.

She said softly: "I don't know what it is. I'm sorry. I guess I just got up on the wrong side of the bed."

This day which had not started right continued in the same way. It was Saturday. Tim lay in bed and smoked cigarettes and read the papers, disrupting the breakfast and the housecleaning schedules. Cook burned herself on the edge of the frying pan. Lucas cut herself on Tim's razor blade.

George, after an hour's nap beneath the stove, got up feeling his rum and sallied forth into the garden.

*"Get out!" she cried shrilly as the cat came forward.*

In the bedroom after lunch as they dressed, Tim for golf, she for a bridge tea, Lucas said sweetly, "Darling, it would be nice if you could manage to get home on time. The Grigsbys and the Towles will be here at seven o'clock and, of course, you'll want to see as much of the Grigsby woman as you can."

"What do you mean by that?" Tim demanded.

Lucas' smile was angelic. "Nothing, darling. Nothing at all." She took her purse and her gloves from the bed. At the door she stopped. "Just as a favor to me, sweet," she said, "if you must flirt with the Grigsby to-night, please, couldn't you make it a little less obvious than usual?" The accusation was not justified, and Lucas knew it.

At two-thirty that afternoon, George's enemy, the dog from two doors away, got over the fence of his pen for the first time and rampaged jubilantly through the intervening yards. He caught George sunning himself, and before either George or the dog had fully grasped the situation, atavism and instinct had taken charge, and George was on top of the garage roof.

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# A SALUTE FOR THE SERGEANT

## By GEORGE SHAFTEL

*"Glad to be back?" asked Martha, trying to make him feel welcome.*

WHEN the bus neared the little town of Du Frayne, Arlie Bradford, sergeant in the U.S. Medical Corps, straightened up in his seat. He had been away for two years, and at times his homesickness had been acute misery. It was not the town itself which meant so much to him, for in it he had been uneasy and resentful, but the countryside beyond which he remembered with such longing.

Flags were being raised over the Fair Grounds. They're getting ready for the County Fair this early! he mused.

He left his seat as the bus slowed for the stop in town. He jumped lightly from the bus steps—a tall, lean soldier with a bronzed face, his overseas cap tilted jauntily on his sun-bleached yellow hair.

His nerves tingled as he walked down the street. Familiar things hit his senses with poignant sharpness. He remembered the street as a wide and busy thoroughfare, but now it seemed surprisingly small and sleepy. After all, you've been in Frisco and Seattle, he reminded himself. And two years, especially these two years, make a difference.

He walked into Kidwell's Pharmacy. It was ice-cream parlor and radio and phonograph shop, and a hang-out for the teen-age kids. And here he met old Mr. Lukens, the school principal and truant officer.

Mr. Lukens peered at him.

"Even you, Arlie," he said; and Arlie knew what he meant: that the war was so desperate an enterprise, the armed services would take even the boy of a no-good like old Joel Bradford. "How long've you been away, boy?"

Arlie felt himself reddening, and checked the curt answer that rushed to his lips. You used to stand and grin when he bawled you out for missing school. Then you'd go home and cry. How does he know that two years can make a difference? It hasn't made any in him.

He said, "I enlisted after dad died."

"When was that?"

No, you wouldn't know when Joel Bradford died. It wasn't worth making note of.

"Two years ago," Arlie said, and whirled to stalk out.

Martha Kidwell had been behind the counter. She came out to meet him now, hand extended, smiling.

"Arlie, why didn't you write? We'd have met you with a brass band!" She said it cordially, as if so pleasantly surprised. Because she had heard Mr. Lukens, Arlie realised. And she was too kind to let him go away thinking no one had missed him and no one cared. He hadn't known her well, just as he hadn't known anyone here in town really well.

"Why, Arlie, you're a sergeant!"

"Medical Corps," he said.

"Do sit down. This rates a malted on the house. Glad to be back?"

He drank the malted and he listened as Martha talked. But he began to chafe as she presented him to the young people who came into the drugstore.

"You remember Arlie, don't you, Nick?" she said. "Look who's back, Chuck!" And the young men shook his hand and were curious about his service ribbons; while the young women chattered brightly, cordial yet withdrawn. And the fellows said, "The Army makes a man of you," and "Learning a good trade, Arlie?" and departed, saying, "Well, see you around."

He resented it, for Martha acted as if he were really a home boy here, which he wasn't. He'd always been outside the town's little social circles and its good graces. He was the son of Old Man Bradford, who'd been a crackerjack telegraph operator until whisky palsied his deft fist. The town had looked down its nose at him and pitied his son.

But now they respect my uniform, and they're thinking that the Army was a blessing for me.

"I know what!" Martha was saying, her sweet face alight. "Let's have a party at my house to-night! And, Arlie, you might as well stay in for supper, too, because—"

He stood up, a sudden violence of feeling surging through him. They were pitying him because they thought he was lonely. Why did they all have to miss the one essential fact about him?—that old Bradford's lanky kid had been happy living out there on Reese's Creek. Happier than he'd ever been since. And all he wanted was to visit the creek again.

"Sorry, Martha, I haven't got time," he said, and stalked out of the pharmacy.

The mood passed quickly as he tramped out of town. And as he smelled new-mown hay and heard cicadas humming in the hot sun, satisfaction warmed in him.

By the time he reached the edge of Reese's Woods, he had forgotten the town, and the anticipation of two years was like a brimming goblet in the hands of a man long athirst who now at last can drink.

His outfit had been in the thick of the campaign which wrested the Aleutians from the Japanese, and his group had remained to care for the men making a bombers' spearhead of the island of Attu.

He had only a week before he'd have to start back. And every single minute of it was precious.

His heart pounded as he followed the path through Reese's Woods toward the comfortable shack on the creek bank. Then he saw the shack and started running. And he found the window shutters snug and tight and the padlock on the door intact. His fingers shook as he fitted the key, but inwardly he was singing.

His next move was to cut across fields to the Olehausen farm, where he had left his dog.

Two-bits came raging out at him when he neared the Olehausen place. But he called. And the setter changed his barking to whining breathless ecstasy and licked his hands and face so that Mrs. Olehausen, looking on from the doorway, wiped her eyes.

She wanted Arlie to stay for supper. He didn't want to, not this first night, and he got out of it; but he left with eggs and a pitcher of cream and two loaves of home-made bread.

Of these he made his supper. Whipporwills were calling softly along the creek by the time Arlie finished his dishes; and he sat outside smoking and musing, feeling his father's presence like a benign warmth in the dusk.

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# CAN TWO FAMILIES LIVE HAPPILY IN THE SAME HOUSE?

*When Sid came out of the army he and his wife Myra looked, in vain, for somewhere to live. At last, in desperation, he phoned his cousin Bob who agreed to let them share his house. But... would it work out between relatives?*

I haven't seen you since before we were married, Myra. We used to have some good times in those days!

Yes and we'll have lots more now that we're together again

**BUT NOT LONG AFTER...**

Myra, I can't stand the atmosphere in this kitchen another minute! Unless there's a change we'll have to make other arrangements!

But... what's the matter? What have I done?

Well Myra seems willing to give and take. Honey, why can't you do the same?

But Myra has "B.O." and I can't take that! Wait a minute... I've an idea

I'll take Myra's soap and put this Lifebuoy in its place. There — that'll fix the trouble! Lifebuoy gives lasting and all-over protection

But this isn't my soap! Lifebuoy, eh? The soap that stops "B.O." That's a hint if I ever saw one!

**AND SO, THREE MONTHS LATER...**

It's tons more fun going out in a foursome! Quite like old times again, eh Myra?

It certainly is! (THINKS) but we had a rough trot before I began using Lifebuoy!

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

**THE ONE SOAP SPECIALLY MADE TO STOP "B.O."**

W. 159. 1.

Everyone knows

# RINSO'S RICHER THICKER SUDS

get the whole wash *dazzling*

YES, NO NEED TO SCRUB WITH SLOW-COACH BAR-SOAPS NOW. **RINSO** GETS CLOTHES DAZZLING BY ITSELF

QUITE RIGHT! **RINSO's** SUDS ARE SPEEDIER, HARDER-WORKING 'COS THEY'RE SO MUCH RICHER

**RINSO** FOR SILKS AND WOOLLIES... ALL THE WASH I SAY IT SAVES THE CLOTHES AND ME, TOO!

**RINSO** SPEEDS WASHING-UP AS WELL IT DISSOLVES GREASE, LEAVES DISHES SPARKLING IN HALF THE TIME

Rinso GIVES THICKER, RICHER SUDS

Z.192. 1.




National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4723521

# Single-engined planes join trek to Australia

## Hundreds apply for two seats with ex-R.A.F. pilot

*Radioed by AUBREY THOMAS of our London office*

**By bomber, by yacht, and by cycle, travellers are starting on the 12,000-mile trek from Britain to Australia.**

**And now comes the latest addition to the migration conveyor belt — a comfortable, single-engine plane, which is just the thing for a man with a wife and child and £1600. It is called a Percival Proctor, a smart silver and blue three-seater, which weighs only 3250lb. and cruises along at 140 m.p.h.**

A CRAZE in a small way has already begun for the Proctor as a migrant carrier. Within a couple of months three will be winging their way to Australia, so relieving Mr. Beasley of nine names from his inflated list of people wanting passages.

No. 1 will be ex-R.A.F. pilot Flight-Lieutenant Fred Ogden, who will leave Croydon, London, with his wife and six-year-old daughter, Pamela.

He first saw Australia during the war when he was flying Spitfires, and was stationed at Darwin.

He tossed up whether to be demobilised in Australia and send for his wife and Pamela, or go back and fetch them.

Thinking of the shipping situation, he decided it would be quicker if he picked them up and flew them to Australia.

He bought his Proctor from the Ministry of Supply for £1300.

Ogden estimates it will cost him a further £350 for petrol, landing charges, and hotels on the journey.

But even if they could get immediate passage, which they cannot, it would cost them £300 each by ordinary air routes, and if he feels like it Ogden can still sell his plane and get his money back.

**His Proctor, "Yorkshire Lass," will take the route which will be followed by two other machines within a month.**

Here are the main stopping points: Paris, Marseilles, Sardinia, Tunis, Cairo, Bagdad, Persian Gulf, Karachi, Jodhpur, Allahabad, Calcutta, Rangoon, Singapore, Sumatra, Java, Timor, Darwin, Adelaide, Melbourne.

No hop will be more than 400 miles, and each Proctor pilot estimates that the trip will take roughly four weeks.

And this is what Mrs. Ogden thinks of the flight.

"I've only been up in the air for half an hour. At first I didn't like the idea at all. I was haunted with dreams of crashing in the desert," she said.

"I wanted to go by boat and let my husband fly, but then I didn't want him crashing in the desert alone, so I'm going, too."

**Daughter Pamela, hugging her koala, has some strange ideas of life in Australia.**

*TRAVELLERS who will come to Australia in three single-engined British planes. L. to R.: W/O. Jack Dwyer, Miss A. M. Bartlett, F/Lt. Fred Ogden, Miss I. Ogden, Mrs Ogden, F/Lt. D. Dalton.*

**"As I won't have to go to school I think I'll spend my time riding and swimming," she said, with all the confidence of a six-year-old.**

She thinks the trip will be a bit of a bore.

The Ogdens hope to settle down in Melbourne, but Mr. Ogden is undecided what he wants to do, although he would like to start a business of his own.

The second man "Proctoring" his way bought his machine through a gamble he brought off after serving in the same squadron as Ogden in Australia.

He is Flight-Lieutenant Dennis Dalton, 28, typical R.A.F. pilot, who looks as if he is still in Air Force uniform, even when wearing tweeds.

"I won £500 in a poker school at Richmond, N.S.W. I returned to England at the end of last year, and was thinking of demob.," he said.

"But on January 2—I'll never forget the date—I was sitting in a train watching the rain lash against the windows.

**"I was feeling browned off, and said to myself, 'I'm sick of this weather. I'm going back to Australia.'**

"That is where the £500 came in handy. I was glancing through an air magazine when I noticed how cheaply a chap had flown through Belgium to Denmark.

"So I worked it out for a trip to Australia, and decided I would have a try.

"I bought up a Proctor, and then advertised for two passengers at £300 a time. Replies began pouring in. I counted up to 75, and became scared to open the rest of the pile.

"I had quite a job selecting people to take, but settled it all by tossing a penny.

"I will be out of the Air Force at the end of July, and hope to make the trip in August.

"When I reach Australia I want to use my plane, 'Dominion Lass,' for the beginning of my charter air service."

The two passengers he decided to take are both Australians who were stranded in Britain during the war.

One is Miss I. M. Ogden, of Perth. She came to Britain 16 years ago, and was just returning with her aged aunt when war broke out. The aunt died last year, and Miss Ogden found she would have to wait a long time for a passage.

Said Miss Ogden: "I've never flown before, but I am willing to take whatever comes."

With her will go Miss A. M. Bartlett, of Adelaide, who left Australia in 1930.

"I have been trying solidly since last October to get a passage," she said.

"I have never been in the air, but my grandfather went to Australia by sailing ship, so I am not going to be scared of a little plane."

The third plane will be piloted by W/O. Jack Dwyer, of Perth.

He served in the R.A.A.F. in Britain, and instead of going back for demobilisation stayed in Britain so that he could take a plane to Australia.

So that he can get another passenger, Dalton's 73 remaining letters, with the bundle of unopened applications for the trip, have been passed to him.

He will be using the plane in his business when in Australia.

# *Rivalry stimulates great Paris designers*

*By MARY HORDERN, Our Fashion Specialist*

**My first and lasting impression of Paris when I went there again after an interval of six years was the Parisians' glorification of femininity and their perfection of detail.**

I WAS conscious all the time of a high standard of creative ability in everything to do with women — their interests, their homes, their furnishings, their clothes are all perfect.

In the lovely salons where I spent so much of my three months in Paris for the Australian Women's Weekly, I saw that dress-designing is not only an industry. It is also an art.

The reason for this is that France above every other nation admits frankly that one of woman's main functions in life is to beautify herself, make herself as attractive as she can, and the world of fashion cashes in on this fact.

Competition is extremely keen between the hundreds of designers, and I feel it is the stimulation of this which puts Paris in her leading position in the fashion world.

There is always some new designer, some new house on the way up, ready to oust that particular house which has been resting on its merits, its previous fame, and not at the moment producing the goods.

All-important to the designers are the girls and women who will show their glorious creations to the public.

**In selecting their mannequins the great fashion houses do not care particularly whether they are beautiful or not. That is not important.**

The important point is how do they wear their clothes and do they know the value of the most becoming hair style?

Do they know how to pivot themselves to show the frock to the best advantage?

In fact, can they put across what a particular frock can do for someone who, without it, would not attract that admiration which is every woman's due?

One of the first things that I noticed was the absence of bad millinery.

In the underground, on the boulevards, in the poorer quarters, as well as in the Rue de la Paix, I saw simple and becoming hats, easy to wear and with veils to keep wisps of hair neatly to the head.

These I consider real hats, not just a twist of ribbon or a posy of flowers held at an angle with a few pins.

Hats such as Parisian women wear take real skill to make and a real creative gift to design.

What I wanted to know was exactly how these designers set to work, and I found that first of all came careful study of the materials brought to their salons by the manufacturers.

I watched designers finger these fabrics, ponder over them, consider their texture, gradually assess their possibilities.

Next they called in the mannequin they thought best suited to the material, then they draped, pinned, sketched.

At last the final choice was made. The material they most preferred was ordered from the manufacturer, and would be repeated several times in that season's collection.

**In one case I saw the entire costume inspired by a button and built round it.**

Carven, 29-year-old designer, did just this with a black button shaped like a black scrolly snail.

Over a neat black skirt she placed a finger-tip length waisted coat in printed linen of chartreuse, white, and black, with a little black velvet collar.

The only trimming was this one button at the waist, which became an outstanding detail of extreme importance.

It took quite a while before I was allowed to worm my way into the cabin behind the salon to see the girls dressing for the collections.

They are trained, almost like racehorses, and groomed to the last hair for their quick and elaborate entry.

There is a long line of mirrors where each mannequin has her own make-up and at the back of her on a long rail the length of the room are the clothes she is to wear in the collection.

Mannequins have dressers who help them into their frocks, button them up, smooth these frocks into position, while the girl herself repairs what damage has been done to her make-up in removing the last frock. This takes about one minute.

She passes quickly on to where another dresser hands her her hat and gloves.

She makes her entry into the salon and is back in the cabin in a few moments, where the same ritual takes place for the next frock to be shown.

**Working at this pressure makes a mannequin's life extremely arduous. But it makes it possible for only six mannequins to show a hundred frocks in an afternoon.**

What struck me most forcibly at these dress collections was the change in clientele since 1939, when the salons were full of elegant members of the aristocracy.

Now they are full of people who have made their money on the black market.

The average mannequin gets 8000 francs a month, and a 25-franc commission on every dress she sells. That is about the same salary as a schoolteacher or a typist.

Under present-day conditions it means barely enough to live on. It means only tea, noodles, and turnips, bread and a little jam for tea every night.

**"ONE of the first things I had to do in Paris," says Mary Hordern, "was correct Parisian dress-designers' ideas of Australian taste. It was necessary to fight a battle for color, as opposed to the black Parisians love so well.**

**"I pointed out that we spend most of our life out of doors, on the beaches, that colors suit our suntanned skins, and that black consistently worn in Australia would look as out of place as it would against the background of the South of France.**

**"The designers threw themselves wholeheartedly into choosing which of the lovely colors they would use to remake their most successful black frock."**

*MRS. MARY HORDERN, who went to Paris for The Australian Women's Weekly and chose a collection from the great fashion houses and six Paris mannequins to wear them in parades in Australia.*

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# Editorial

AUGUST 17, 1946

## ANNIVERSARY OF PEACE

THE calendar records this week the first anniversary of that glorious day when the world heard the long-awaited announcement: "The war is over." But the date recalls only faintly the intense joy and relief we felt on August 15 last year.

Looking back over the twelve months of peace brings little satisfaction.

*At the conference now sitting in Paris, Mr. Attlee found it necessary to say: "We should keep before our minds the simple objective of removing from the minds of common people the brooding fear of another war."*

The horrifying truth, the destroyer of any reality in the present peace, is that the brooding fear is always with us. The potentialities of war are as real as in 1939.

Adding a keen edge to the fear is the knowledge that scientists everywhere are working constantly to ensure that their particular country will not be at a disadvantage if or when an atomic war breaks out.

*Contemplating these broad facts with dismay, the ordinary citizen cannot turn to smaller or nearer things for comfort. His life is little easier or richer than during the war years.*

If, as in Australia, his stomach is comfortably filled he is conscious that in large areas of the world starvation has been only narrowly averted.

Perhaps there is hope and inspiration in the fact that he is keenly aware of these facts and worried about the state of the world.

*In no other era of history has there been so widespread a realisation that we are all citizens of one world and must learn to live together in harmony or perish.*

# Ever see a ghost walking?

## There are lots of spooks in Australia's brief history

**People have always loved to talk about ghosts, spooks, and hauntings. Some can't believe in them, others can't help believing. But even to avowed scoffers supernatural phenomena have always exercised—and always will—a strange fascination.**

**With a settled history of only 158 years, Australia hasn't been any laggard in producing its share of ghosts, spooks, spectres, and other eerie apparitions.**

THE oldest and best respected ghosts are, of course, connected with the convict-built houses put up in the early days of the colonies.

Though few of these houses today remain in the hands of descendants of the original owners, well-established ghosts are no snobs, and instead of following families about from place to place are quite content to stay on with the incoming tenants.

Perhaps because of these early unhappy associations, most of the ghosts aren't happy or playful ones, being given to moaning, groaning, and bloodcurdling wailings rather than the cheerful knockabout technique of ghosts who like to throw vases, break windows, and generally lead a boisterous existence.

Wouldn't it haunt you!

Naturally, in any hunt for ghosts the obvious place to look is the oldest inhabited house in Australia—Elizabeth Farm, near Parramatta, outside Sydney.

Miss Margaret Swann, who lives there with her mother and sister, has this story to tell:

Some years ago a constant overnight visitor to Elizabeth Farm arrived unexpectedly and slept on the couch in the old schoolroom. In the early hours of the morning she woke up to hear the sound of heart-rending sobbing, and saw, pacing up and down, the white-clad figure of a woman, wringing her hands and weeping bitterly.

Miss Swann, who is a keen student of the past, has been unable to unearth any episode in the history of the old house which can account for the appearance of this poor distracted creature. She showed herself only once.

**Mostly our spooks prefer to employ a long-distance technique, making their presence known by clankings, rattlings, and cries.**

During World War I things became so noisy at night in the convict cells of Georges Hall, built near Sydney by Major Johnston, the deposer of Governor Bligh, that its tenants were forced to break their lease and hand it back to the Johnston estate rather than endure nights made hideous by the rattling of unseen leg-irons and chains.

Melbourne's most famous ghost is that of Frederici, the Italian opera singer, who haunts the Princess Theatre.

Singing Mephistopheles to Nellie Stewart's Marguerite on the first night of a performance of "Faust" in 1888, Frederici died as he disappeared through the stage trapdoor leading to "hell."

The cellars beneath the Princess Theatre are huge and eerie, and since the night of the accident every subsequent Mephistopheles has made his descent via the wings.

**Hundreds of people in Melbourne claim to have seen the singer's ghost moving about at the back of the gallery, or seated at the back of the dress circle watching the performance.**

The home of the former Queensland Premier, Mr. A. E. Moore, Bulimba House, Bulimba Point, Brisbane, is sometimes called "The house with the ghost that knocks at the door," owing to the frequency with which throughout the years a mysterious knocking has been heard at the front door.

No visible hand has ever done the knocking, but dogs have barked furiously and become desperately excited at some presence invisible to human eyes.

Possibly Australia's most active ghost went into business in 1921 when, in the small township of Guyra, near Glen Innes, New South Wales, the cottage occupied by the Bowen family was subjected to a nightly stoning, shaking, and pane-breaking by a presence which successfully broke every cordon devised by terrified townspeople.

Metropolitan newspapers sent their representatives, who, together with the police, were unable to come to any satisfactory explanation for these nightly cavortings.

**They did establish, though, that the unseen hand always hurled its missiles at the room occupied by 12-year-old Minnie Bowen, and with uncanny instinct would follow her movements from room to room.**

The seaside suburb of Mornington, Victoria, has its own haunted

house, where footsteps echo in empty passages, doors open and shut of their own accord, and lights have a habit of going on and off untouched by human hand.

Prospect Hall, in the suburb of Prospect, Adelaide, has been the scene of one of the eerliest and most persistent hauntings recorded in Australian history.

First a carriage could be heard (but never seen) driving up to the door.

**Soon its spectral occupant, a woman dressed in white silk, would walk up the steps and peer into any uncurtained windows of the house. She would then vanish.**

Later guests could hear her tread upon the stairs.

So persistent were the lady's visitations, and so numerous those who had been startled by her appearance and footsteps, that Prospect Hall ended its days by being let to a milkman, who refused to stay there longer than one night.

The rental was sixpence a week.

Faces peering in at windows were the particular haunting of Malakoff, the old stone castle built on Maribyrnong Heights, outside Melbourne, a hundred years ago.

In bushranging days, the legend goes, it was deserted and used as a meeting place by these outlaws. A man was killed in a fight over the distribution of booty, and his body buried beneath the floor.

When Malakoff again came into use as a house, those living there claimed to see the dead eyes of the bushranger peering in the windows.

Spookier still was the reappearance after it had been scrubbed out of a bloodstain upon the wall of a certain room, now demolished, of Lloyd's Inn, old 19-mile coaching stop on the way to York, Western Australia.

Old-timers claim the blood was that of a young girl murdered there by her jealous lover.

People of Campbelltown, New South Wales, have from time to time claimed to have seen Australia's best-documented spectre, Fisher's Ghost.

Usually its appearance has been reported along the railway-line, close to the creek beneath the footbridge of which Fisher's body was discovered in 1826.

Done to death by a man who later laid claim to the title deeds of his farm, Fisher retaliated by later appearing in ghastly spectral form on the same bridge.

But perhaps the most horrible sight recorded in the annals of ghostdom happened in the early cedar-getting days in a wild glen some miles from Kiama, N.S.W.

**Searchers for a young Englishman suspected of having been murdered by ticket-of-leave cedar-getters saw before them, one stormy night, a ghastly sawpit and headless sawmen.**

The weird shrieking of the ghostly saws and the light that illuminated the scene were so awful that Ghost Glen was avoided by local people for years afterwards.

Only recently a stockman on Ridgelands, outside Rockhampton, Queensland, reported having seen the Ghost Rider, famous in that district.

Who he is or why he rides around instead of resting peacefully, no one knows. But, mounted on a white horse, with a stockwhip round his neck, he was seen by the stockman on the opposite bank of the creek.

At one time or another a serious effort has been made to find some reasonable explanation for most of these strange happenings.

Sometimes investigation has proved the source of supposed hauntings to be rats, the pranks of small boys, whistling wind.

Sometimes the most intense investigation has failed to produce any explanation at all.

### Ancestral home

**RECENTLY, under romantic circumstances, Miss R. de Little went to live in her ancestral home, Fernleigh, in Hobart.**

**On taking over the deeds she discovered that the house had been built in 1834 by her maternal great-grandfather.**

**Fernleigh possesses a ghost, a lady in grey who, local legend says, is sometimes seen walking slowly up the stairs.**

**The ghost first appeared after the house was occupied by a family named Giblin. Old Mrs. Giblin is reputed to have always worn grey.**

**The last person to see the ghost was a recent occupant, a woman who now refuses even to visit the house.**

# Interesting People

**Lt.-Col. S. H. F. J. MANEKSHAW**
*. . . heroic Indian soldier*

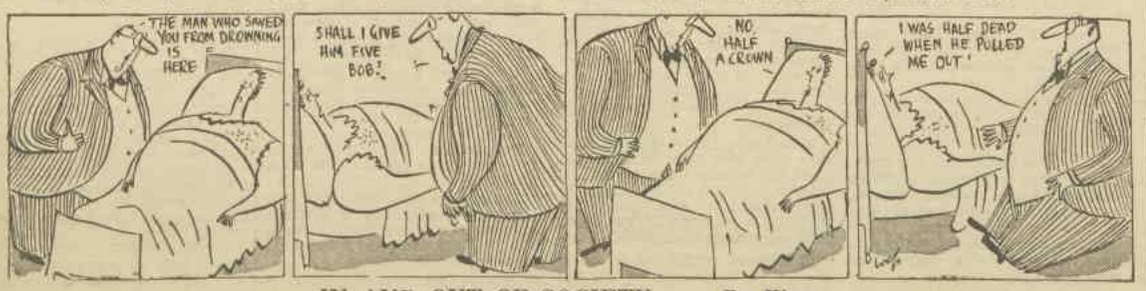
HANDSOME Indian Army officer, with quick, clipped accent. Lieut.-Col. S. Manekshaw is in Australia under auspices Field-Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck, Commander-in-Chief, India, to give public addresses on India's problems, and stress need for co-operation between India and Australia in economic, trade, and defence spheres. Was severely wounded defending Sittang Bridge, Burma, from Japanese attack. Received immediate award of Military Cross.

**MISS CECILIA COLLEDGE**
*. . . largest salary*

AMATEUR ice-skating champion, 26-year-old Cecilia Colledge, has decided to turn professional. She will play the lead in Tom Arnold's ice spectacle to be produced in the West End in the early autumn as a permanent addition to London's entertainment. Cecilia's salary is claimed to be the highest ever paid to an ice-skater in Britain. She became British amateur champion in 1935 and won the world title in March, 1937. All her future appearances will be professional.

**Admiral J. G. CRACE, R.N.**
*. . . Australian Admiral retires*

GREAT naval career ends with the retirement of Admiral John Crace from the Royal Navy. A gallant Australian born 59 years ago, near Canberra, where beautiful old Crace home is noted landmark, Admiral Crace went to England, joined R.N. in 1902. Commanded R.A.N. from 1939 to 1942, when appointed Admiral Superintendent at Chatham Dockyard, England. On board ship coming here in '39 was described as "most popular passenger."




IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep*



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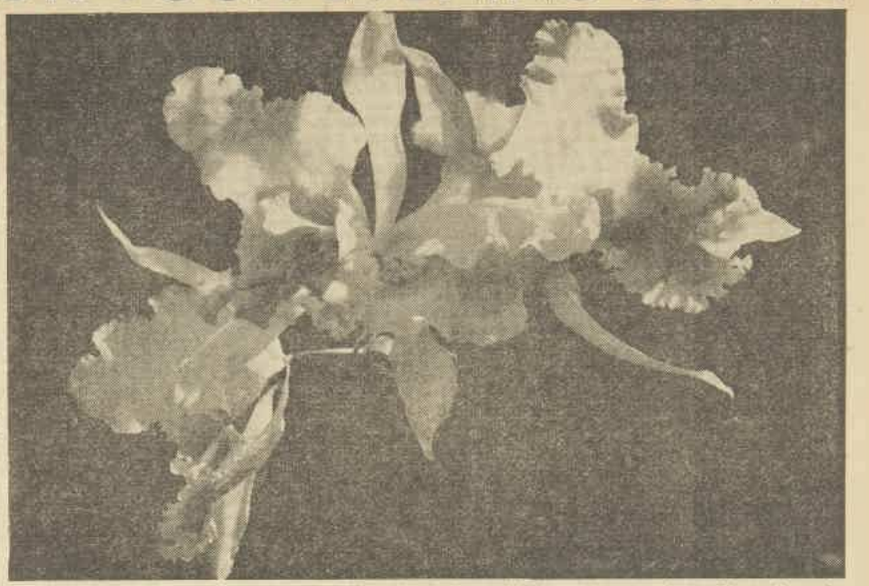
# A NEW ORCHID FOR YOUR EVENING GOWN

*IN aid of the Kindergarten Union of New South Wales, the Orchid Society will hold a three-day exhibition at David Jones' Main Store, from September 11. Great interest will be centred on the wide range of hybrid cymbidiums exhibited.*

*The Society's members are experimenting extensively in this branch of orchid culture, by which the pollen from one orchid is transferred to a mother plant, passing on color and desirable characteristics.*

*Hybridisation produces an enormous variety of new and startlingly beautiful flowers.*

**SEED POD** gives new hybrids, no two alike. It contains literally hundreds of seeds.



**WHITE CLUNY,** species Brasso-Cattleya. Purple mottling changes to yellow, deep in throat of bloom. Cattleyas are usually grown in hothouses. Plant is ten years old.

**SEEDS ARE PLANTED** in sterile flask in agar and solution. Cork, cotton-wool, and wax stoppers give protection from contamination. Mr. A. Persson demonstrates stages of growth.

**PINK "CHARM" CYMBIDIUM.** Grown with the orchids shown above and below by Mr. L. Hawley, of Lindfeld. Cotton-wool at base and throat protects blooms from slugs.

**COMMUNITY POTS** receive seedlings when taken from flasks by glass scoop. Eight months old, they have never known air, and will stay in fibre compost pots for three months.

**CYMBIDIUM HYBRIDS** from last year's back bulbs, raised by Miss H. Jamieson. When parent plant loses leaves, bulbs are separated and roots removed. New roots then sprout.

**PERFUMED.** Perfumed orchids are rare, but "Pauline," shown above, gives off strong scent day and night. Orchids are protected from hail damage by double wire netting over glass roof. Their beauty, rarity, and lasting quality ensure high prices at florists.



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# Murder's So Permanent

Continued from page 3

I FOUND myself staring fascinatedly at two large and empty whisky bottles, which Mr. Hobbs was holding up for my inspection.

"Good heavens!" I said. "Where'd you get those?"

His shrewd little eyes twinkled. "Be'ind the temperance section. Someone'd what you might call a sense of humor, Miss."

"Well, Miss Collins hasn't," I said. "You'd better throw them away without mentioning them to her. She'd have a fit."

"Yes." He lingered at the counter, watching me. "I've found queer things in the library before now, Miss, but never whisky bottles. Still and all, it's not so strange. The library's what you might call a passageway for living, and we get hall kinds here. Hand some of them hare right queer ones, Miss."

He didn't need to tell me—I'd come in contact with quite a few of the queer ones myself—but I mumbled something and just then Esther Reardon, who's first assistant librarian, came in, and all of a sudden it was ten o'clock and time to open the doors to the morning rush.

It was a rush, too. Before noon we'd checked more than two hundred books. The library floor looked like the gathering place for a convention and both reading rooms were filled to overflowing. Some days were like that.

It was about twelve when the messenger boy asked for me. He had a letter and a small square package, and he insisted upon my signing for them. The letter bore Andy's handwriting, so I knew what the package would be. Hadn't he promised that I'd get my ring to-day?

Esther was swallowing her curiosity as best she might, but I had no intention of opening either letter or package before her. I murmured an apology and retired to Myra Collins' office.

Myra was there, but I didn't mind her. No one ever did. She wouldn't talk and I knew it. Myra was tall and slender, with a perfectly nice figure and a hauntingly classic profile, but she coiled her drab hair in a fashion that must have dated back to some year beyond my memory, with the result that, although she was only thirty, she looked ageless.

I was never near her that my fingers didn't itch for scissors and the rouge pot, but so far all my pleading for a more modern coiffure and a highlighting of make-up had gone unrewarded.

I said, "Listen, Myra, do you mind if I close the door for a minute? I just got a note from Andy and I think he's sent me my ring!"

She was as excited as I, and for once we really had something to get excited over. The ring was a star sapphire in a beautiful old-fashioned setting. Andy's note explained it. He wrote: "Darling, this was my grandmother's ring. I had hoped to kiss it on your finger myself, but I'm tied here at the plant. Put it on yourself and remember that I love you. I'll call you tomorrow. Andy."

Myra said, "Well!" and, in spite of her hair-do, her face flushed into almost beauty. "I think that's lovely. Aren't you going to put it on?"

But I shrank from that bit of exhibitionism. I said, "Not right away. I don't want to face the others and their questions. I'd like to lock the ring in the safe if I may? Maybe I'll get up nerve enough to wear it to-morrow."

Myra thought it was a fine idea and together we fastened the package up again and pushed it into the very back of the locked compartment. Then, with Andy's note like a warm spot in the pocket over my heart, I went back to the desk.

Esther was still curious. I could tell by her sideloing glances, but good manners kept her from asking questions, and presently the noon influx of high school students caught us and she forgot.

The little glow over my heart persisted. I was perfectly happy. I wasn't even disappointed that I wouldn't see Andy that night. I had the ring and the note, and Janet and I would have dinner together, and perhaps I'd slip the ring on my finger then, and afterwards there was a picture at the Palace that I wanted to see. No, for this once, I could do nicely without Andy.

At twelve-thirty I was free to go and get my lunch and, in the privacy of a booth at the Sweet Shop, to take out the note and read it over and over again. His grandmother's ring. Which grandmother?—two are the common number.

Did he mean Mrs. Charles Haynes Gardner and, if so, how did he happen to have hers? Could it be that his grandfather had given it to him, had relented?

Incredulously I rejected that idea. Surely the one glimpse his grandfather had had of me couldn't have accomplished that miracle.

I gave it up at last and went back to the library. I was a little late. Marilyn was at the desk, complacently patting her riot of curls. She had the colossal nerve to glance at her wrist-watch and say, "Oh, hello, Linda. Aren't you late?" To which I responded blithely, "Possibly. It was this morning I was early."

Which put an end to the rapport between us, Marilyn being one of those creatures upon whom the wind of blame simply must not blow. I felt her studying me all the afternoon out of malicious little eyes, but I paid no attention. I was used to Marilyn.

It was about four o'clock when she got a chance to pay me back. Suddenly she dug her elbow into my side.

Resignedly I said, "What is it now?" and then didn't need to ask. Charles Haynes Gardner was making his majestic way up the small flight of steps and through the double glass doors that lead into the main part of the library.

He came to me, straight as the needle to the magnet, and I felt fear, like a sinking elevator, in my stomach. But, just as I was wondering whether flight were not the best way out of this dilemma, I noticed that the eyes beneath the bushy eyebrows were not so fierce as upon the previous day.

I drew a long breath and stood my ground while he slapped the two books I'd given him down upon the counter and said, "Hah! Good afternoon, Miss Ware. How are you?"

Marilyn's ears were long. For their benefit, I said demurely, "Very well, Mr. Gardner. Did you enjoy the books? Were they what you wanted?"

"The books?" He looked round vaguely, sighted them, and pushed them farther in my direction. "Oh yes—yes. Very interesting. What I wanted—no. But interesting. You have more?"

Behind me Marilyn giggled. I gave her a look that would have slain one of greater perception. I said, "We have a large number of mystery and detective stories, Mr. Gardner."

"Good." He seemed pleased. "I believe I am permitted to take out ten volumes at a time. Can you find me ten books as good as these?"

I said I thought I could and led the way to the mystery shelves. He followed and stood beside me while I selected and rejected books. His presence, silent though it was, got on my nerves. I felt as a mouse must, waiting for the cat to pounce.

It seemed like ages before he got to it. He reached across the pile of books I held to touch the third finger of my left hand. "Where is it?"

There was no good pretending I didn't understand. I said, "In the safe. I couldn't bear to just put it on and wear it. It's too beautiful."

He said, "Humph!" to that, but again he seemed not ill-pleased. I went back to my scanning of shelves while he proceeded to lapse, sotto voce, into one of his self-directed monologues: "Not exactly what I'd expected—no impulse toward ostentation. Good background somewhere. Nice instincts. The boy may not have done too badly . . ."

No one but a robot could stand hearing herself analysed in such fashion without protest. I turned on him. "Mr. Gardner, why don't you want Andy to marry me?"

Please turn to page 17

# WORTH Reporting

A LADY from Leytonstone, London, sent us this week a little piece of 400 words entitled "Women, Wake Up."

A glance through the typed paragraphs informed us that it was a formula for ending wars and bringing lasting peace.

We were arrested in our intention of flinging it into the "Editor Regrets" basket by the solemn thought that, what with atomic bombs and all, the lady from Leytonstone might have as good an idea as anyone else on the subject.

So we read it through carefully.

"Why do we allow the nations to grab one another's trade?" asks the writer. "Trade has been the evil of the world since the creation of human beings."

Her plan is to "abolish all international transactions, companies, societies, chain stores, and shares. The only transaction should be sharing without any payments."

"People will live and work where they like in the world as long as they will behave themselves. They will be able to save and buy properties where they like in the world. But they will not be able to receive income from abroad.

"They will spend their income in the country where their property is situated."

The last paragraph states: "All countries will have an international aerodrome, will have an equal number of planes, ships, and any other facilities for the world's benefit."

We sighed as we put it gently in the basket.

## Reading optional

WITH a mixture of horror and fascination we read in an American magazine an advertisement offering to build a library round the buyer's personality.

Inserted by a firm of erstwhile (by us) highly esteemed publishers, the advertisement added that they would reflect in books your tastes, character, and ambitions.

We can imagine this making an amusing pencil-and-paper game for a winter night, but as cold-blooded commercial sales promotion it fills us with dread.

Previously we had considered the old chestnut about the newly rich buying books by the yard to fill their gaping bookcases rather a good joke.

* * *

*AGED 34, Mrs. Hutchinson, of Loanhead, Scotland, claims to be the youngest British grandmother. Her daughter, Mrs. Kendall, 17, gave birth to a son in June.*

## Scaler

MR. and MRS. RAY EGLINTON, of St. Georges, South Australia, took their small fox terrier Nicky with them when they stayed recently with relatives at Dulwich, a suburb about a mile and a half from their home.

Nicky was quite happy for a time. Soon he knew the suburb well and continued his practice of escorting his schoolgirl mistress, Beverley Eglinton, to and from the tram every day.

One day Nicky got the worst of a fight with a local dog. Nothing could soothe his wounded pride.

He went out of the front gate, made sure that the coast was clear, walked up to the tram stop, and caught the first tram home. And he didn't go back.

## Animal Antics

*". . . and this is my hubby's den."*

## As she is spoke

THE latest derogatory remark on the Australian accent has been made in a somewhat confused manner by the Paris correspondent of the New York "Times," Cyrus K. Sulzberger. Reporting the Peace Conference he mentioned Dr. Evatt's "strident interruptions couched in the Cockney accents of the Tasman Sea."

While Dr. Evatt's best friends could not claim a B.B.C. accent for him, it's the bit about the Tasman Sea that has us puzzled.

The only thing that occurs to us about the Tasman Sea is that it lies between Australia and New Zealand. We had never thought of it as the well of English undefiled, but neither had we thought of it as contaminating the accents of the countries whose shores it lapped.

We feel, in fact, that New Zealanders, whose accent is less open to criticism than ours, may be quite cross about it.

* * *

*IN restaurants the duration of silence between couples is too often proportionate to the length of their life together.—Andre Maurois.*

## "So I said to her—"

A MELBOURNE hairdresser tells us that two of her clients have solved the problem of killing time under the dryers after their weekly shampoo and set.

They make a double appointment, share a cubicle, and revel in an hour's gossip, conversing with each other by sign language.

Idea began when one took up study of sign language as a hobby and then persuaded her friend to do likewise so that they could really let their hair down at the hairdressers' in spite of the noise of the dryer.

THE LITTLE SCOUTS

*"Tell them I'm in the middle of an important conference."*

## Wooden horses

WE interviewed this week a man who owns one of those wonderful life-size wooden horses that you still sometimes see in shops that sell saddlery and harness.

He doesn't think that any of these horses were ever made in Australia. All those he knows of were imported from England in the horse-and-buggy days at the turn of the century.

They're of solid wood, every muscle and tendon perfectly shown.

Most wooden horses have had their color changed several times throughout the years. The majority these days are grey, piebald, or skewbald, with manes and tails taken from real horses and affixed with glue and tape.

Sydney has seven of these horses, Melbourne a few more.

Their owners, said our informant, would not part with them for the £100 at which they are valued.

They are used for displaying saddles, harness, and horse rugs, and are a proven draw to pavement crowds.

Of course, they are irresistible to small children, who beg their mothers into asking for rides.

## Realistic

EFFECT of the crime wave on Sydney taxi-drivers had an unexpected result for a naval officer guest at the "Hard Times" party given at Miss Robyn Wisdom's home in Woollahra, Sydney, by members of the Victoria League Young Contingent, when everyone was asked to wear their oldest and shabbiest clothes.

Lieut. Alan Smellie, who took the instructions very literally, was escorting Miss Barbara Hill. He hailed a cab. It pulled up and Miss Hill got in. The driver slammed the door in her escort's face, and drove off, despite all her protests, saying: "Lady, I don't like your company!"

Lieut. Smellie was refused by three taxis, and got to the party finally by tram.

## Mobile hairdressers

WE met an enterprising family on their way through Sydney to Melbourne last week. They are Mr. and Mrs. J. Gleeson and their sixteen-year-old daughter Valerie.

For the past 18 months they have been travelling round N.S.W. and southern Queensland with their mobile hairdressing unit, making a good living and enjoying an outdoor life de luxe.

They set off on their country career when Mr. Gleeson's health broke down after 25 years in the hairdressing business in Collins Street, Melbourne.

They started off in a car with a utility back, but in Lismore had the luck to buy a 20-foot caravan, which is now their home.

It has all mod. cons., h. and c., and is panelled in cedar.

The Gleesons have made hundreds of friends on their trip. They don't do any of the hairdressing work in the caravan, but take their equipment into the houses.

"The women in lonely farmhouses thoroughly enjoy our visits," Mr. Gleeson said.

"It's something for them to have their hair permed or set, and then they can also enjoy a feminine gossip with my wife and daughter."

One of their longest halts was at Brunswick Heads, N.S.W.

"There were 700 tents there, and that meant plenty of business. We set up our tent and our sign, and were kept busy for six weeks," said Mr. Gleeson.

## Shades of meaning

MR. CHARLES GORDON, Adelaide singer, tells an amusing story of his teaching days in the Balkans.

Once he gave his pupils several passages from their version of the Bible to translate into English.

Among the results, many of which had been compiled after careful consultation of the dictionary, Mr. Gordon's favorite was: "The ghost is agreeable but the meat is poor."

You'll recognise it better as "The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak."





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FIRST AUSTRALIAN GOVERNOR of New South Wales. Lieut.-General John Northcott strolls in the gardens of Government House, Sydney, with his wife and daughter, Miss Elizabeth Northcott. The Governor and his family are busy settling into their new home and attending official engagements.

FAMILY GROUP. Welcome home to Bob Skene and his attractive wife, Betty, when his mother, Mrs. Curtis Skene (left), his sister, Mrs. Ken Mackay, her daughter Margaret (who is Bob's godchild), and Mr. Curtis Skene meet couple at Mascot Aerodrome.

# Intimate Gettings

**HIE me down to Government House to meet new Governor—first Australian to hold this important office—Lieut.-General John Northcott, and his charming wife and daughter Elizabeth.**

Find family informally grouped round cosy electric fire in small drawing-room at Government House, with the Governor's two handsome young aides, Major Ken Bieri A.I.F., and Captain Anthony Findlay, Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, and Mrs. Northcott's secretary, Sheila Collett.

Despite the fact that the Governor had been shaking hands all day long, my hand still tingled for a full five minutes after his hearty greeting . . . and he soon put his visitors at ease with his natural enthusiasm about his welcome to Sydney and his delight in his new home and gardens.

Learn that daughter Elizabeth—who, by the way, is the answer to Press photographers' dreams—is an expert cook, and idly wonder if situation ever arises at Government House, as in so many homes, that the cook decides to "up and leave." Must be relief to know that your daughter can turn to and run up a souffle or roast the family joint with professional skill.

• • •

HEAR that the Governor is an expert ballroom dancer, and with thought in mind of how many balls Vice-Regal couple will be asked to attend, ask him if this is so. Looking somewhat overcome, he cautiously replies, "You had better ask my wife that question." Mrs. Northcott answers quickly that her husband used to be a very good dancer, whereupon the Governor jokingly adds that after seeing the American exponents of jitterbug and jive in Occupied Japan he had begun to doubt his prowess as a ballroom dancer!

• • •

GENERAL NORTHCOTT tells me he is anxious as soon as his city engagements permit to make a tour of the country in New South Wales.

ENGAGED. Captain Frank Ritchie, A.A.M.C., and attractive fiancee, Beth Painton, dining at Prince's. Frank is only son of Dr. and Mrs. Harold Ritchie, of Darling Point. Couple plan marriage towards end of year before Frank leaves for England to take up Nuffield Scholarship.

COUNTRY INTEREST. Reginald Wheaton, Gularpambone, and bride, formerly Patricia Speer, cut cake at reception at Pickwick Club. With attendants Elaine Hoban and bridegroom's brother, John Wheaton.

LUNCHEON. Betty Holman, Lorna Massey, Dulcea Massey, Evelyn Greaves, Phyl Dunshea lunch to celebrate Dulcea's birthday. Dulcea and sister Lorna leave for Singapore next month to make home with parents, Mr. C. Massey, who is Australian Commissioner for Singapore, and Mrs. Massey.

MY interstate newshound sends me all sorts of exciting news from the Brisbane front, where Exhibition Week—first since the war—is in full swing. Believe all Brisbane is on tiptoe for the fun.

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester will fly from Sydney in the York Endeavour, and arrive in Brisbane for the Royal Society of St. George Ball at City Hall this Tuesday.

H.M.A.S. Hobart, Arunta, and Warrego arrive at Brisbane to take part in festivities, and distinguished visitor is Commodore J. A. Collins, R.A.N. Another highlight of week will be The Girls' Cocktail Party at Lennon's this Wednesday night, and invitations for this Thursday are accepted for parties at Government House—where Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. F. A. Cooper receive guests for cocktails on spacious lawns — and members of Moreton Club on same night. In place of prewar Exhibition Week "Bachelors'" Ball an informal cocktail party will be held at Lennon's this Friday night.

• • •

LOTS of interest in the wedding this Tuesday of Yvonne Parmentier and ex-p.o.w. John Meillon. Couple plan marriage at St. Mary's Cathedral, and Yvonne will have as her bridesmaids Adele Boggio, Dorothy Meillon, cousin of the bridegroom; and Sheila Denton. Guests at the wedding will include Yvonne's brother Gervais, who was married recently to Betty Burns, of Wee Waa, N.S.W. Shortly after Yvonne's marriage, Mrs. Parmentier will leave for France with her son Paul, who will learn the wool trade overseas.

• • •

LOVELY diamond watch is gift of her parents when Mrs. Maurice Griffiths has her twenty-first birthday party at home of parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Rose, Centennial Park. Seventy guests attend party, and Janice's mother-in-law, Mrs. Randolph Griffiths, cables her birthday wishes from New York, where she is at present holidaying.

OPENING of new polo club at Macquarie Grove—the old Macarthur Onslow homestead at Cobbitty—sounds as though it's going to be a gay time for all—polo players and visitors alike. Matches to mark the opening of the club will be held on August 23, 24, and 25, and club secretary, polo-player Jack Austin, tells me there will be an invitation dance on the Friday night, an old-time fair and barbecue on Saturday night, and, to wind up the carnival, a cocktail party on Sunday night. Phil Mackay tells me that her brother, Bob Skene, who has just returned from India with his wife, Betty, will play with his father, Curtis Skene, at carnival. Bob is rated high among the world's best players.

• • •

HEAR from Melbourne that Mrs. Robert Odell was charming hostess at cocktail party arranged for her brother, "Jo" Gullet, and his fiancee, Ruth Colman, whose marriage takes place this Saturday at St. John's, Toorak. Pelicity Harrison, Sandra Baillieu, and Valerie Clarke are to be bridesmaids. Believe Ruth's trousseau includes lovely colored sheets and towels brought back by Lady Gullet when she returned recently from America with daughter Sue—Mrs. Odell.

• • •

GREAT excitement in the Lynch family when they have three-way celebration at Romano's recently—Lieut.-Colonel F. Lynch, A.A.M.C., receives promotion from rank of major and is in charge at Herne Bay; eldest daughter Betty announces her engagement to Canadian lad Stan Yeo; and another daughter, Una, celebrates her birthday. Betty's engagement very romantic, as she receives her engagement ring—a solitaire diamond—by airmail from Canada, where her fiance is at Ontario University, and he telephones her the same night to make sure ring has arrived, and glorious flowers are also sent by Stan for his fiancee.

Joyce

AUGUST BRIDE. Valerie Clarke and fiance Captain Robert Southey, Coldstream Guards, Melbourne, who will wed at St. John's, Toorak, next Tuesday. They will then leave for England, where Robert will study at Oxford. Valerie is youngest daughter of Sir Frank and Lady Clarke, South Yarra.

INTERESTING INTERSTATE ENGAGEMENT. Valerie Purves, of Melbourne, and her fiance, James Elliott ("Yot") Murray, of Rhine Park, South Australia, snapped at a recent Melbourne race meeting. Valerie, who is well-known visitor to Sydney, wears lovely three-stone diamond ring.



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# HELP Your RED CROSS

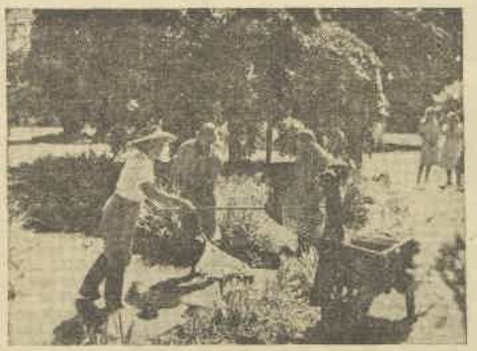
## IN ITS WORK OF MERCY

Red Cross stands by to provide assistance in national emergencies. Workers load relief supplies to be rushed to victims of the recent floods.

Lives are saved every day by the Red Cross Blood Transfusion Service. Blood banks in every State are at the service of the whole community.

Red Cross helps in the fight against tuberculosis by co-operating in mass radiography. Company members contact examinees, make appointments and work in the x-ray room

Red Cross gives service to the wives of Allied servicemen. V.A.D.s in Sydney look after the children while their mothers attend to Customs formalities.



Convalescents interested in gardening help a horticultural expert to clean out the fishpond in the Red Cross Convalescent Home in which they are living.

Handcrafts taught by trained Red Cross instructors relieve the tedium of patients in military hospitals and convalescent homes, civilian hospitals, tuberculosis sanatoria and mental homes.

# AUSTRALIAN RED CROSS SOCIETY



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# As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

LEONIANS, Arians, and Sagittarians should make a determined effort to improve their fortunes this week, for after August 23 the stars change, and their influence can prove either neutral or strongly adverse.

During this week they will find that many seemingly unattainable goals are now within their reach, and they should go after all forms of advancement.

Taurians, Scorpions, and Aquarians are advised to live quietly, however, as the present period does not favor them.

## The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): August 13 (10 a.m. to 4 p.m.) good, 16 (to 4 p.m.) fair, but evening hours tricky; 17 (except forenoon), 18 (to 2 p.m.), and 20 (evening) very helpful.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 22): Keep a check on your emotions now, for temper or undue rashness can cause regrets. Avoid changes, especially on August 13, 16 (late), 18, 19 (to dusk), and 20 (early hours).

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 22): Fortune favors minor enterprises now, and you can afford to be somewhat optimistic on August 13 (after 10 a.m.), 17 (sunrise and evening), 18 (to 3 p.m.), and 20 (late).

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 23): Don't be over-venturesome, but concentrate on consolidating past gains. August 13 (forenoon to 3 p.m.) fair, 14 (to noon) good, 15, 18, and 19 (evening) fair.

*"I like the job—but I can't see any future in it."*

**LEO** (July 23 to August 24): Keep busy; journeys, favorable transactions, promotions, and good news are all likely. August 14 (to noon), 18 (to 3 p.m.), 19 (evening), and 20 (evening) all helpful.

**VIRGO** (August 24 to Sept. 23): Plan ahead, for good weeks are coming. Meanwhile get routine tasks under control on August 14 (evening), 18 (afternoon), and 20 (to 11 a.m.).

**LIBRA** (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Modest benefits possible, so make the most of August 13 (after 10 a.m.), 14 (to noon), and 18, 19, and 20 (evening hours).

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Troubles are easy to find now, so be cautious, especially on August 13, 16 (after 4 p.m.), 17 (forenoon), 18 (afternoon), 19, and 20.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Don't waste opportunities now, but seek progress, happiness, changes. August 13 (after 10 a.m.) and 16 (to 4 p.m.) good; 17 (except forenoon) excellent, 18 (to 3 p.m.) helpful.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Keep to routine affairs now, especially on August 16, 17, and 18 (early). Best day August 14 (to noon), but 20 (forenoon and evening) fair.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Be wise and patient now if you wish to avoid trouble, especially on August 13, 16 (late), 18, 19, and 20 (to dusk). Keep to routine.

**PISCES** (Feb. 19 to March 21): Get important things moving now, for after August 23 your luck ends. August 13 (forenoon to 4 p.m.), 14 (to noon), 15, 17, 18, and 19 (evening) all fair.

**[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]**

### YOUR COUPONS

**TEA:** Black and red, page 8, V1-V12 (V1-V6 expire Aug. 25).
**SUGAR:** Black, red, and green, page 7, P and Q 1, 2, 3.
**BUTTER:** Black, red, and green, page 5, 46-48 (expire Aug. 25).
**MEAT:** Black and red, J1, 2, K1, 2, L1, 2, and N1; green, C8-C12.
**CLOTHING:** Y1-56, Z57-112.

# Mandrake the Magician

**MANDRAKE:** Master Magician, and
**LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, have landed on the moon with
**PROF. THURSBY:** In his rocketship, Stardust, powered by a curious substance called thurene. The landing has been made on the side of the moon seen by people on earth. A surprise awaited the Professor when he found his daughter,
**LAURA:** Had stowed away on board. As the ship landed she served bacon and eggs for everybody. Then they all left the plane protected by oxygen helmets. Lothar tried to stretch his cramped limbs and found himself 40 feet in the air, because moon gravity is so weak.

**NOW READ ON:**

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*For safety's sake, say "Vincent's", and take Vincent's A.P.C. with confidence!*

# CONFIDENCE

## AND WHAT IT MEANS TO YOU!

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# What's on your mind?

## Criticism of parliament broadcasts

WE all welcome the broadcasting of parliamentary debates; but our representatives should realise that vast changes in procedure should now be made.

The system of debates which sufficed formerly is inadequate when the audience consists, not of a few tourists in the public galleries, but of thousands of Australians in their homes.

Members are now speaking, not to bored listeners on the back benches, but to politically awake people throughout the Commonwealth.

More thought should be devoted to the material used in speeches, and their lucidity developed.

Many of the present formal rites should be scrapped, since they hold no interest for the public.

Speeches should be shortened.

The principal function of debates should be to present facts to the public.

Broadcasting of debates offers a unique opportunity for active participation by all Australians in the affairs of government.

**£1 to L. Inglis, 3 Southernhay St., Melbourne N19.**

## Counter attack

IF we want civility we should be more considerate. Many shoppers enter a store and stand at the farthest end from the assistants instead of walking up to them and saving them that little bit of extra trouble.

Also they toss about articles on display, which have been so carefully arranged by assistants. That's why we often do not get service with a smile, as on points of courtesy the customers are not always right.

**5/- to Mrs. N. Manion, 250 Bourke St., Goulburn, N.S.W.**

## Community machinery

FARMERS should form community machinery pools, so that men unable to buy their own equipment could become members of the pool and use the machinery they want on a roster system. It could all be kept in a central garage and be serviced by experienced mechanics.

**5/- to Don Ogston, East Lavington, via Albury, N.S.W.**

## Serve in turn

WHY is it that so often children have to wait for long periods before being served in some shops, whereas adults are served promptly while the children wait. Customers should be served in turn whether children or adults.

**5/- to N. Chesson, 16 John St., Inglewood, W.A.**

## Save washed-out look

AS coupons are still necessary to get evening frocks, boys should use a handkerchief or glove to cover their hand and so prevent the telltale mark on the shoulder of their partners' gowns. We all know men have to do hard work and hands get stained; but none of us like the look of washed-out evening frocks.

**5/- to Pat McLean, Rock Angus, Tynong, Vic.**

## Nursing shortage

I AGREE with Miss Pool (A.W.W., 6/7/46) about the age for girls to begin training as nurses. The age should be lowered to 17. I wish to be a nurse and am sure there are a lot of girls waiting to take up that profession. If the age was lowered it would help to overcome the present shortage of nurses.

**5/- to Joan Radley, 66 Haldon St., Lakemba, N.S.W.**

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 9. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

## Buttons with clips

IT would be a great comfort to be able to buy buttons that we could be sure would wash and boil. I find after washing for a family that it is one person's work replacing buttons. The expense of buying new ones each time for a white blouse

soon equals the original cost of the material.

Most colored buttons go soft and when garments are hung in the wind they drop off.

If we must have buttons that are not washable I suggest they be made with clips, such as those used in service uniforms; then we could take them off and put them on again easily.

**5/- to Mrs. C. Earl, Mallala, S.A.**

## New kind of club talk

THE labor shortage has brought about a great change in the topics of conversation between fathers of families during luncheons at their clubs. The passing on of domestic hints reminds one of a women's afternoon tea party.

Latest discussions have resulted in a scrounge round for odd pieces of inlaid lino suitable for table covering to save tablecloths when the family dines alone. As one man remarked, "Too many tablecloths make the washing so heavy," and so men are learning that domestic chores are not the easiest of work.

**5/- to George Gray, 395 Kent St., Maryborough, Qld.**

## Swapping a thrill

I GET a great thrill out of swapping, and it is a great idea now that things are so difficult to get, and not such good material as in prewar days. I speak from experience. I exchanged my coffee percolator for two nice, imported mats and my thermos flask for tea-towels, and am well satisfied.

**5/- to Alice Hughes, 17 Ismay Ave., Homebush, N.S.W.**

## Look after elders

IT is time transport departments introduced a special carriage on trains and compartment on trams for elderly men and women, who are now pushed aside by young people making wild dashes for seats. Tired, patient-looking elders stand in draughty corridors while lazy, healthy-looking men and women lounge back ignoring them.

**5/- to Mrs. H. Leth, 52 Cross St., Guildford, N.S.W.**

## Strong plea for painless childbirth

THE statement of many leading American obstetricians that "completely painless childbirth tends to lessen the mother's affection for her new-born baby" (New York Round-Up, 15/6/'46) is ridiculous.

As the mother of three sons, I feel I am more qualified to judge such a question. I have had enough unless I could get a guarantee of absolutely painless methods next time.

The affection for the child depends on the mother's nature, not what she suffered. The love is there before the birth, and grows as the baby grows. Rather does a mother feel resentful to the hardly won.

The surest way of raising the birthrate is absolutely painless delivery.

I think bad temper and uncontrolled nerves in women are often caused by neurosis due to bad births.

**5/- to Mrs. W. Jones, Broughton Rd., Surrey Hills, Vic.**

## Destroyers of hope

MY son said this morning: "Mum, I think I'll get a position and help you and dad while I can."

"Why? You have been so keen to continue your studies."

"I know, but with scientists thinking an atomic war inevitable and America perfecting means to spread germ warfare it seems a waste of time educating myself."

Surely the time has come for mothers to demand that these destroyers of our sons and our sons' hopes—all those who work for destruction—be segregated on some lonely island.

**5/- to Mrs. G. W. Philpot, Lilydale, Vic.**

# Murder's So Permanent

Continued from page 12

HIS eyebrows jerked skyward. I'd surprised him. "Was that a shot in the dark, young lady? I thought I had been most circumspect."

"Not," I told him, "when you carry on conversations with yourself."

Again I was aware of a gleam of humor in that frosty eye.

"I do, don't I? A bad habit but one I'm too old to break. Is that all you've got to go on?"

"Hardly," I said soberly. "Mine isn't elephant skin and it's been pretty obvious."

"So the boy told me." He was silent for a moment. "You've got bravery, Miss Ware, as well as perception. You deserve an honest answer and you shall have it. You ask me why I don't want Andrew to marry you. For the simple reason that I want him to marry his cousin."

"But he never will, you know," I said. "He doesn't love her. He loves me."

Something passed over his face; it was plain he discounted that argument. He said, "Yes—yes, so he says," as one might soothe a child or an idiot.

I was neither and I resented the manner. I picked two more books at random. I said, "Here are ten I think you'll like. But whether or not they'll tell you much about killing men . . ."

I stopped because his look froze me to silence. He said, "Miss Ware, I am sorry if you mistook my humor for purpose. I have not yet reached the point where I contemplate murder. That I might be brought to that point is still somewhat problematical."

His eagle glance was over me now, staring into distances I could not see. "Nevertheless," he said slowly, "I believe—I earnestly believe that there are some diseases which only death can cure."

I was delighted to see the last of Mr. Gardner. It isn't pleasant, being told flatly to your face that you are not the ideal mate for a grandson even though you've had plenty of reason to suspect it before. Moreover, in spite of Andy, I hadn't liked what Charles Haynes Gardner'd said about murder. I didn't care for murder as a topic for conversation at any time. "There are some diseases," he'd said, "which only death can cure."

What had he meant by "diseases"? Love is a disease, an ironic Frenchman had certified, a disease of youth. But that wouldn't make sense. And certainly you didn't murder for love. The fallacy of that last brought me up short.

Janet came in for a minute about five o'clock. She had a new hat—a black felt thing that scooped upward—but when I commented on it she only grimaced and pulled me into the librarian's office where she perched on a cleared edge of a table and pouted.

"Our dinner's off, Lin. I've got to work to-night. Reports or something."

I said that was too bad but why weep about it? There were other nights.

"Other nights—you're optimistic, aren't you? Andy mightn't agree."

It wasn't like Janet to scratch, and it puzzled me. I said, "What on earth has Andy to do with it?" and she laughed at me.

"Oh, don't play the innocent, Lin. There isn't much that doesn't get around at the plant. The whole office knows that Andy went kiting up to the bank this morning to get his grandmother's sapphire. All I had to do was put two and two together. Where is it, by the way—the ring?"

"In Myra's safe."

"Then for goodness' sake be an angel and bring it out. I've never seen a star sapphire."

"You'll have to wait a while longer," I told her cruelly. "Myra and I sealed it up, and if I go poking in the safe now the other girls will get suspicious. I'm not up to that just now. You'll see it to-night."

She nodded to that. She said lazily, "Well, don't lose it, will you? I suppose the thing's worth a fortune," and "How does it feel, Lin, to be engaged to the grandson of a millionaire?"

"I've been engaged for some time," I pointed out, "and I don't feel any different. The only thing I'm glad about is that it's all out in the open at last. I didn't like that hole-and-corner business."

That was a mistake. I'd hurt her. I said quickly, "Let's talk about something else for a change. I've just had a session with Andy's grandfather and the very name of Gardner is anathema to me."

I shouldn't have said that. I knew it right away. She caught her breath. "Mr. Gardner! Was he here? What did he say?"

Mercifully, I never had to answer that because Marilyn called me just then to the telephone. It was quite a while before I was free to come back, and I think she'd forgotten. She was queer that night, restless and uneasy and I doubted then if she had been really thinking about what we'd said.

We chatted desultorily. I had to go back to the desk once and twice more I was called to the telephone. When I came back, after the third interruption, I found her standing in the doorway, pulling on her gloves.

She said, not looking at me, "I'll probably be late, Lin. Don't wait up for me."

I said that I wouldn't and watched her go, a slender, quick-stepping little figure.

I don't know why, but I couldn't get it out of my mind that something was wrong. I didn't believe in that working-late-at-the-plant story at all. Janet was Charles Haynes Gardner's private secretary, and I'd seen him depart from the library around four o'clock with a double armful of detective novels. Surely he had been going home.

I sighed. Probably it meant no more than that she was meeting Irven Wagner somewhere. But, in that case, why the elaborate preparations for deceit? After her confidences of last night, it would have been only natural for her to say so. Or to say nothing.

At six I went to wash my hands and comb my hair. When I came out, hat adjusted, powdered and lipsticked, Marilyn had gone, but Esther Reardon was waiting for me with an expression that portended trouble.

"Miss Coryton's chauffeur was just in," she said slowly. "He wanted you. He brought a message. I was to tell you Miss Coryton would be down at ten sharp in the morning to begin work on that paper of hers and she wondered if you'd mind having all the references ready for her. . . ."

I said, "Oh, good lord! There's a list a mile long. That means I'll have to get down here early—eight o'clock at the latest."

"Well, I certainly wouldn't," Esther declared. "She hasn't any business asking you to come down and put in extra time for her old paper. If she comes at ten, let her wait until you find them—it won't hurt her."

"And have her complaining to the Library Board?" I said grimly. "I think not. Preserve me from contact with influential people—their influence is too hard on everybody else. No, I'll come down. . . . Wait a minute! Perhaps I won't either . . . Where the dickens is my library key?"

While I talked I'd been mechanically checking over the contents of my purse, as I usually do just before I leave. In the ordinary course of events I mightn't have noticed, since the leather key case itself was there, but extraordinarily it was wide open and the keys were entangled with the fine chain that anchored my change purse to the inside of the bag.

As a person will, my eyes had been noting them mentally—apartment key, key to Andy's car, to bank deposit box, to trunk, to post-office box.

One hook was empty, as noticeable among the others as a missing tooth. It was the one that had held my library door key.

I held the case out to Esther. I said, "Look at that. It was there this morning—I know that. Because I had it ready, but Hobbs had unlocked the door and I didn't need it after all. What do you suppose happened to it?"

Esther laughed. "Marilyn probably. She loses her keys about as fast as she gets them. Probably she didn't want Myra to know she'd lost another, so she took yours. Here—I'll give you mine. I'm not down to-morrow until two, anyway, and if you don't get yours back Fred the Fixer'll make you another in just a few minutes."

CROSSLY I said, "I know. He ought to make them up in dozen lots."

But I thanked her and took her key. And I used it—sooner than I'd expected.

I have no excuse at all for leaving the library and forgetting my ring. I've never tried to have any excuse. Andy, who was angered for a variety of reasons, tried hard to be funny about it, but underneath it was evident he didn't feel funny at all. He kept saying, "Good lord, I can't see how you could forget it. You'd only had it—what? Six hours at the most. I'd have thought you'd want to show it off a bit."

I said, "Darling, you don't know women. A ring like that—why, it's out of the ordinary, out of what any of them might hope to possess should the unexpected happen and she became engaged. Diamonds, yes. Every girl gets a diamond. But this! Why, they'd be furious with jealousy. Even Janet was scratchy and she hadn't seen it. Why, a ring like that doesn't happen to people you know—not once in a hundred years."

"A ring like that," Andy agreed grumpily. "That's the whole point."

But it wasn't. The point was in the point of view. I hadn't the sort of mind that evaluated property and then cherished it because of its value. I cherished the ring because Andy'd given it to me and because it was my engagement ring. The thing was, I didn't cherish it enough.

Even privately to myself, though, I can't see how I came to forget it. It was Miss Coryton's message and the contemplation of searching out that mass of material.

But, whatever it was, the fact remains that I went down to the Sweet Shop where I had a nice leisurely dinner, lingering long over coffee and the evening paper. It was well after seven when I stubbed out my cigarette and called for my check.

I didn't mind going to a show alone. In fact, I rather like it, for Andy and I never agreed as to the best location for seats. Andy liked to sit in the back and I wanted to be fairly well down, so we always sat in the back. To-night I chose a seat in the seventh row and proceeded to enjoy myself.

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# Enthusiastic young players in first post

COUPON SHORTAGE meant one pair of breeches per man for Greenpoint team, and overnight laundering which earned them title "Persil Boys" at Mudgee and District carnival. Ken Austin and Hector King do their nightly chore.

"COME ON, BOYS," calls lineswoman Patricia Loneragan, about to throw ball into field when Mudgee plays Greenpoint. Pat's brother, David Loneragan, is a member of Mudgee team.

## Pioneer homestead at Cobbitty for magnificent new club

*By staff reporter JOYCE BOWDEN*

**Polo is being played again now the war is over. Sturdy ponies, carrying veteran and new players, are pounding over green fields.**

**A number of matches have already been played in N.S.W., Queensland, and South Australia, but teams in Victoria and Western Australia are hampered by lack of grounds, as many grounds were taken over by the Government during the war.**

YOUNG players of this season are proving just as enthusiastic as pre-war players of the sport.

There is a tremendous revival of the game, and teams are tackling their difficulties with enthusiasm.

There is the problem of training green ponies, for the country players the difficulty of coping with distances to meet for practice, and for the city player the disadvantage that he can practice only in week-ends.

Revival of the game this year has produced a new family team in N.S.W.—the Austins—to rival the famous Ashtons; opening of a magnificent new club, Macquarie Grove, in N.S.W., on the lines of the renowned Hurlingham Club in England; and the reappearance in South Australian polo of a veteran polo pony, Peg, aged 23.

Next big doings in N.S.W. polo will be the Cobbitty Polo Carnival, which will take place at Macquarie Grove, Cobbitty, on August 23, 24, and 25.

Macquarie Grove is the old Macarthur - Onslow homestead. The official opening of the club will take place on August 23. A cocktail barbecue, and dance will be h conjunction with the tourn

The club is 38 miles from Sy and is expected to rival Hurlin England, in facilities and sphere.

**Facilities include a swimming tennis, aero, and golf club, quarters for members and staf commodation for 200 hones, ing yards and equipment, and conditioning yards for horse full-size fields for polo, one of the best aerodromes and links in the Commonwealth.**

President of the club is Mr. Crookston; vice-president Mr. J. Austin and J. Dudley; secr Mr. J. Austin; treasurer, Mr. Kirk.

HAT LOST by David Loneragan, of Mudgee, during exciting play. He and Hector King, Greenpoint team, manoeuvre to hit the ball at Mudgee and District Polo Carnival.

AFTER THE CHUKKER. Rex Schoeffel, Horningsea Park, Leppington (left), and Haig McCann, of Rossmore, chat with Bill Day, of Camden, after match at Cobbitty.

FIRST-SEASON players Tony Pye, formerly of Walgett, now of Sydney, and Owen Merriman, of Yass.

FIRST-YEAR PLAYERS. Mr. J. Dudley, Mr. Mr. Dudley O'Bree, of Homestead team at



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# -war polo season...

*GET THAT BALL, LARRY! Larry Austin, of Greenpoint team, plays fast and furious game against Bylong. John Thompson (left) (Bylong), Hector King (Greenpoint), and Geoff Thompson (Bylong).*

*"IT'S A GREAT GAME," says Larry Austin, one of the Greenpoint team, as he collects his polo sticks before going on the field to play against Bylong team at Mudgee.*

Committee members include Messrs. J. Downs, D. Cleary, R. Farrel, W. Day, H. King, D. O'Bree, K. Austin, Curtis Skene, J. McEvoy, R. Schoeffel, M. Wheatley, and Robert Skene.

A few months ago Mudgee formed the Mudgee and District Polo Club, and theirs was the first club in N.S.W. to organise a country carnival.

The carnival was held recently in Mudgee with two local teams—Mudgee and Bylong—and a visiting Sydney team, Greenpoint, competing for the cup.

Competitors included two brothers, John and Geoff Thompson, of Bylong station, Bylong; their cousin, Harold Thompson, of Wingarra station, Bylong; and Ted Coombes, of Lue, Mudgee.

These four men formed the Bylong team and "brought home the bacon" for Mudgee by winning the cup and keeping it in the district for the first year.

The other local team, Mudgee, was formed by players Jimmy Read, of Warratra; David Loneragan, of Woodlands, Mudgee; Charlie de Kantzow, of Meroo Downs, Mudgee; and Colin Gill, of Barum, Mudgee.

The Greenpoint team is a family team of three brothers, Jack Austin, who captains the team, Larry and Ken Austin, and their brother-in-law, Hector King.

Next polo season there will be another member of the family, Alan Austin, who is still at school.

They hope to go on as a family team, and win honors to equal Australia's most famous polo-playing family—the Ashton brothers.

The family have a small property at Greenpoint, outside Newcastle, where they keep their ponies.

**When they started playing they rose each morning at four to train their green ponies, take them for a swim in the river and swim themselves; home to breakfast and off on the train to do a day's work sitting at a desk in town, and back home again at night.**

Hector King's father was manager of the Ashtons' property, Markdale, near Goulburn, so Hector was brought up to be polo-minded from boyhood, when he watched the Ashton brothers practising and playing.

When the Ashtons went to England in 1937 they took Hector with them.

The Thompsons, of the Bylong team, breed their own ponies, and are splendid horsemen. The brothers and their cousin, Harold Thompson, played in match play for the first time at Kyeemagh this season.

There are many other promising first-year players coming on.

Of these, Jimmy Maple Brown, son of famous player Irwin Maple Brown, of Goulburn, is considered to be one of the "finds" among the young polo players.

Another keen player is Owen Merriman, who played with Mascot team at Kyeemagh. Owen, who is the son of the E. J. Merrimans, of Ravensworth, Yass, has ridden in picnic races, too.

Three young players, Rex Schoeffel, of Horningsea Park, Leppington; Haig McCann, of Rossmore; and Bill Day, of Camden, are members of Cumberland team.

Another first-year match team, Homestead, includes first-season players Jack Dudley, Bill Dodd, and Dudley O'Bree.

Among other promising players are John Atwell, Tony Pye (son of Dick Pye, who played polo before the war), and Doug Rankin Reid, who played with Mascot at Kyeemagh.

South Australia prides itself on having in Birkalla, about three miles out of Adelaide, what it believes to be the finest ground in Australia.

The field is well turfed, water is laid on, and it is equipped with sprinklers. There is a good clubhouse, with shelter sheds for ponies.

The subscription to the South Australian association is small and polo can be played there comparatively cheaply.

*MUDGEE POLO TEAM.—David Loneragan (foreground), Jimmy Read (left), Charles de Kantzow, and Colin Gill snapped before they play against Greenpoint for the Cup.*

Polo is played in summer because even half an inch of rain, plus the churning of ponies' hoofs, makes the grounds into a quagmire.

Highlight of past achivements was the occasion of the Ashton brothers' visit to Adelaide before they made their world tour.

**They played against a team from Mount Crawford, who beat them fifteen goals to one, a worse licking than the notable four ever had in England or America, it's claimed.**

Mount Crawford team plays on a property about 40 miles north of Adelaide, given them by Mr. Charles Angas.

Other country teams, such as Clare, Strathalbyn, Burra, play on local racecourses.

**About the oldest pony still playing in Adelaide is Peg, who belongs to Mr. N. Noonan, sen. She is 23 years old, played well this season, and will be good again next season.**

When Gordon Law Smith was one of the four players to win the Gold Cup in the Australasian championship, three of his ponies averaged 20 years of age.

Western Australian polo players are planning country matches at places like Mingenew and Pinjarra, and the fine teams at Irwin, Broomehill, Serpentine, and Northam may be able to play again soon, but Perth team's chances of play are remote.

The lovely ground at Hurlingham has been taken over by the Government, and workers' houses are springing up where once fine horses pounded over the turf.

Six teams—Pilton, Heading Hill, West Haldon, Ascot, and two teams from Spring Creek—have held matches in Queensland this year.



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# Murder's So Permanent

Continued from page 17

A DOUBLE feature programme was showing, and both pictures were above the average. It wasn't until the very end of the second that all pleasure left me. The hero had just placed an incredible diamond upon the heroine's finger when I sat up galvanised. My ring—my precious ring! It was still in the gimcrack safe in Myra's office!

I was out of that theatre in record time. A glance at the clock in the lobby told me it was half-past ten, but I didn't care. No matter what time it was, I meant to have my ring.

Andy asked me afterwards, curiously, as though in wonder at the strange creature he had chosen to marry, "Weren't you afraid? Didn't it ever occur to you that going into a big building like that, alone and late at night, was dangerous?"

I wasn't and I didn't. I'd never do it again, of course. I've learned better. The police station was only a few blocks beyond the library. I could have gone there, enlisted help.

The point is that I didn't.

Instead I came hurrying up the hill, harried by a bitter east wind that slapped my coat against my legs and caused me to shrug my chin deep into my collar. The air was damp and penetrating, the sky without stars, and already there were a few flakes of snow.

I seemed the only pedestrian going north. The library was out of the way for night-time traffic. One or two cars passed me, shifting gears noisily for the long pull up the hill, but other than this there was only the echo of my own footsteps in an appalling hollowness of sound.

The great stone pile of the library building, towering dark and deserted, was, to my senses, aroused as they were, an awesome place. Red and green reflections, from the neon sign at the across-the-street oil station, were painted upon the glass of the lower windows.

However, it seemed to me that a window toward the back burned with golden light and, seeing it, I quickened my steps a little. That window was in Myra's office. It was improbable but she just might be there still, working late. Or, failing her, Hobbs.

I wasn't afraid then. Fighting against the wind, I anxiously mounted the flight of stone steps and hurried along the east side of the building to the door which could be unlocked by my key. I wasn't afraid, even when the door clicked open and I looked into impenetrable blackness. I knew then I'd been mistaken.

If there'd been a light in Myra's office, I'd be seeing it now. There wasn't, so I thought I was wrong. Some trick of the light. I might have known. Nobody'd be here — not at this hour.

The library had no modern switchboard at which you could stand and light the building with the flick of your finger. The switches in Edgewater Public Library were placed here, there, and everywhere.

Not even the librarian's office could be lighted from right inside the door. It was necessary to grope your way across the office, avoiding as best you could the remembered pitfalls of typewriter tables and misplaced chairs. I berated myself roundly for not carrying a flashlight as I made my way slowly, arms outstretched, across the room.

Once I stumbled against a chair and something bumped to the floor and rolled heavily. Later on I was to learn it was only a glue-pot that had been left carelessly upon the table edge, but then it was of the unknown and horrible, an evil mystery that set my heart hammering and made the palms of my hands grow, all of a sudden, clammy cold with sweat.

I hadn't been afraid before. I was now. Standing there, with temples pounding and throat hard over a lump of pure terror, I did not wonder at the instinctive fear children show for the dark.

Blackness lay like a smothering weight upon me. It pressed upon my eyeballs, choked my nostrils, stilled my breath. Only my ears, thrice sharpened with the failure of my other senses, served me.

They served me too well. There were many things to hear as I stood there in the blackness — sounds which might, by light of day, be explained normally and logically. A dim and faraway clank, metallic—coals, probably, as they settled in the furnace. The persistent rattle of a window—but the wind had been rising as I climbed the hill. The slow creaking groan of ancient wood adjusting itself to silence and the cooling temperature.

Or so I endeavored to explain them. Unsuccessfully, since my brain leaped to accept what a sixth sense, alive to danger, rejected.

Could all those sounds be so explained? That clank—that rattle—that whispering creak as of floorboards released from the pressure of silent approaching feet? Surely, if I listened more intently, I must hear them themselves—those slow, approaching footsteps——

Then reason took the upper hand. I gritted my teeth. I told myself it was nothing but imagination. There were no footsteps and it was the wind that rattled the windows. There was no one in the library besides myself. I had only to reach the lights and see.

I did it. I wrenched myself loose from the fear that shackled me. I took three steps and my outstretched hands touched a wall, a door frame. I found the light switch and turned it.

And instantly, as familiarity came about me, revealed by the springing light, I was myself again. The sweat dried on my hands. I drew a long breath.

Because everything was as it always had been. Esther's raincoat hung within its corner. Judith's portable typewriter, uncovered, centred the locker top. Its leather cover rakishly adorned a table lamp. I saw the glue-put, read its meaning, and giggled.

After the giggle there was nothing to do but go on. The worst was over. By simply turning a switch I had mastered the dark.

True, I still had the main library floor to cross—without lights; the switches for that were operated from Myra's office—but I could manage that. Nothing could be so bad, require so much courage as that initial foray into the blackness.

I was wrong. But, blessedly, I did not know it then.

From the central shadow of the library counter, the book stacks swung back like spokes of a gigantic wheel. Between them darkness hung blackly, heavily. What might not that blackness hide, I wondered, as I unconsciously quickened my step. I had to pass the balcony stairs and once more panic took me.

That creaking—could I be certain it was only old wood and had not come from these stairs? Suppose I had been wrong and the creakings meant ascent or descent. Suppose someone knelt there now, hidden in blackness—waiting——

I was at the door I sought. My fingers fumbled with the switches.

There was light in Myra's office—light flaming from the great chandelier above the counter in the main rotunda. It revealed nothing. The balcony stairs were unoccupied.

Once more I called myself a fool and switched off the main lights. Once more I had conquered fear, shown it the poor futile thing it was.

It didn't take long to open the safe. I knew the combination—we all did—because there never was much in it. The few dollars we kept for change. Stamps. Records. That was all. Nothing to interest an enterprising burglar, that was certain.

The box containing Andy's ring was just where we'd left it, pushed to the back, its seals intact. Well, that much was over and done with. I dropped it into my bag and closed the safe again. I took one last glance about the office, and everything looked normal and as it should, before I turned out the lights.

I wasn't afraid now. There was nothing to be afraid of. I'd proved that. I swaggered a little, hummed a tune as I moved toward the lane of brightness that streaked from the librarian's office.

And then, well on the way to safety, I proceeded to play the fool. That was Andy's expression, not mine.

Halfway across the main floor I remembered I'd noticed a new collection of Gilbert and Sullivan songs that afternoon. Being a confirmed G-S addict, it occurred to me I might take the collection home with me for a hurried perusal.

I knew just where it had stood—between bookends on top of one of the music collections — and I would have no difficulty finding it in the dark if it were still there. It was a big book, and thick. There was nothing else on the shelf that compared to it in size.

I DIDN'T bother with the lights. Turning them on would have necessitated a return to the librarian's office, where the switches were located. Besides, I was still feeling proud of my courage, still elated that I had so successfully mastered the fear that had threatened to overwhelm me. Hence my entrance into the reading-room lightless, and again swaggering a little.

The darkness in the reading-room was grey rather than black, since its two outer walls were made up of great windows that rose almost to the ceiling. The cases and tables formed smudges of heavier shadow and thick opacity lurked in the room corners. Queer blotches loomed against the window-panes—snake and rubber plants placed where they would best catch the morning sun.

To my right a bust of Shakespeare, outlined against a window, gave a queer semblance of a brooding man. It was in here, too, that the window rattled.

I made my way carefully to avoid the big study tables, each with its surrounding half-dozen chairs. Once my outstretched hand struck the metallic shade of a study lamp and the resulting jangle set my pulse leaping. I told myself it was nothing. I groped on.

That is, I did until I took a sudden header over something on the floor.

It was an overturned chair — it must have been—for my shins and knees were purple for a long time from the impact.

It's bad enough to fall in daylight when you can at least see what it is you fall upon. But at night—in darkness . . .

I went head over heels over that chair with a thud that almost knocked the breath out of me. One hand came down upon the cork flooring with a smack that made my palm sting. The other—the other came down upon a face.

I don't know what I did for a long time after that. Perhaps it wasn't so long. In moments of terror seconds have a way of stretching into hours.

I snatched my hand away—an action that was involuntary — and crouched there, scarcely breathing. Because even then, in the sickness of shock, I knew that I hadn't been right. It couldn't have been a face I touched—not a human face—it couldn't. Perhaps in my fall I'd jarred the case upon which Shakespeare stood. Perhaps if I put out my hand and felt it would be marble I encountered—cold marble.

Only it wasn't. My fingers, explorative and fearful, found only flesh, yielding and warm. They touched hair—loose hair—a woman, then. They brushed over eyelashes that guarded wide-open unblinking eyes. They skimmed lips, motionless, unstirred by breath. They moved to a slender throat, were aware of lace, the fineness of linen, of something wet and sticky.

I drew my hand away sharply. I was shaking uncontrollably now. That sticky something could be nothing less than blood, that I knew. And if it were blood . . .

Realisation was heavy upon me now. Panic—sheer panic—took me. I jumped to my feet, whirled, and at once the intense blackness about me exploded into light. There was a roaring in my ears. For the second time, I felt myself falling.

To be continued

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F4373

F4372

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746

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747

748

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**FOR ME?** Well, how nice. I always did care for a nice egg or two for breakfast. Pity there's no chair.

**HERE GOES.** Seems a dog needs to have initiative to-day.

## *Doggone It!*

**GOLLY!** Things do seem to have got a bit out of control.

**I'M SORRY** I ever heard of eggs. I'll have to do some fast talking to get myself out of this spot of bother.

## *Continuing . . .* Ambassador of Love

from page 5

By the time George had his instincts under control and was working himself up to the proper pitch for counter-offensive, the dog in an unsportsmanlike fashion declared the battle at an end, and snorted disdainfully and trotted down the driveway. By the time George could get down off the garage roof the dog was gone. Cook was a witness to the entire operation, and the sight of Cook's face grinning out of the kitchen window did nothing to raise George's spirits.

At her bridge tea, Lucas lost a lot of money, and out of politeness ate three pate de fois gras sandwiches which she loathed.

Tim sliced into the gulch on the seventeenth hole and took eight strokes getting back to the fairway, and then was low man with the poker dice in the clubhouse and paid for the drinks. He left the club late and unhappy.

Lucas was almost dressed when Tim got home. She was standing in front of her mirror brushing her shining hair when he arrived at the bedroom door with a sturdy highball in his hand.

"Darling," she said, "it isn't that I mind, but our guests wonder sometimes why you can't even talk by dinnertime."

Tim set his drink down slowly. He raised one leg and shook off his shoe and let it lie where it dropped. He scratched his knee absently. "Perhaps if the food were better," he began.

Lucas said sharply, "For your information, we're having steak tonight. Thick, juicy porterhouse steak. They took all the coupons I've been saving."

"Your affair with the butcher," Tim said, "has paid off." He got off his other shoe and let it drop and roll under the bed.

"It's twenty minutes to seven," Lucas said tartly. "It would be nice if there were a host to meet our guests."

Tim sat down on the edge of Lucas' bed, lighting a cigarette. "You know that seventeenth hole—" he began.

"Tim!"

Tim got up from the bed. He picked up his empty glass and ambled out of the bedroom through the front room to the dining-room and into the kitchen and mixed himself another drink.

The Grigsbys and the Towles arrived together at seven-ten. They were old friends, and Lucas always enjoyed their company, but to-night as she met them at the door alone she wondered what she had found in them. She wondered particularly what had kept her these several years from the throat of the Grigsby woman.

The Grigsby was tall and slim and luscious, and her red hair and her blue eyes were an envy. She had known Tim since dancing school.

"Tim's still dressing," Lucas said.

The Grigsby smiled her secret smile. "He was off his game to-day," she said. "He was always infuriating when he was off his game."

It was a statement, maddening in its assurance. "I know him so well," she seemed to say. "I understand him."

Lucas said coldly, "I must check on our drinks and on the dinner." And she went through the dining-room and into the kitchen, hating the day and hating the night and hating the Grigsby.

She mixed the highballs in brooding silence, ignoring Cook, who nursed her burned hand. When the drinks were finished and on the tray, Lucas spoke her first words to Cook. "How soon?" she asked.

And Cook, who was intent upon George under the stove, answered "Twenty minutes."

Lucas left without a word. George watched her go and then returned his attention to the steak that sat on the sideboard. Despite their aroma and the warmth of the stove, it was not a good evening. The memory of the dog's unsportsmanlike behaviour rankled in George's mind.

But for Cook the memory of the dog affair was pleasurable. All, perhaps, would have been well had Cook confined herself to smiles which George would not notice. But Cook's pleasure was too strong a thing to be kept inarticulate.

She chuckled once, and George's eyes opened. She chuckled a second time and then, pointing her finger directly at George, she laughed aloud.

Cook said, "You looked real brave this afternoon lording it around the back yard—until that dog came."

George's tail twitched and his whiskers lay flat against his cheeks, and his temper began to tighten. But Cook did not notice. She got out some milk and put it cold under the stove.

George looked at the milk, and the fur on his heavy shoulders began to rise. He disliked cold milk. This was adding insult to injury.

Cook looked down at George again. "Scrambling up the side of the garage," she said, "like an old woman going over a fence." And she pointed her finger and laughed again.

It was too much. George's temper snapped. He let out a squall of anger and came out from under the stove in a rush. Cook took two sudden steps backward.

"Don't you touch me!" she yelled. But George's course was set. He landed on the sideboard in one magnificent leap and he seized the larger of the two steaks in his strong teeth and he tossed it over his shoulder as a man might hoist a cement sack. Then he jumped to the floor and whizzed through the back door. Cook's scream followed him like the echo of murder.

Tim, Lucas, and the Grigsby reached the kitchen almost simultaneously. Cook pointed to the one remaining steak. She babbled, "He took it! He just grabbed it and ran."

"What?" Tim demanded.

Lucas turned on him. "The steak," she said. "Our dinner!" She seized Cook's arm. "Who took it? Who was he?"

"He sprang at me," Cook said. "He pushed me back against the sink. He just grabbed it and ran."

Lucas' voice was almost a shout. "Who?"

"George," said Cook.

There was silence for a moment, and then the Grigsby laughed softly.

Lucas exploded. "That's the end! I will not live in the same house with that shaggy beast!"

Cook's imagination had recovered. "He growled at me," she said. "He tried to attack me. I fought him off."

Tim said accusingly, "You were teasing him." And then he saw the bowl of milk under the stove and he pointed it out to Lucas. "There. I don't blame George. If all I got for dinner was a bowl of milk, I'd steal the steak, too."

And he might have carried his point, for Lucas was a reasonable woman, but the Grigsby laughed again.

In the bushes behind the playhouse George ate his meal in solitary splendor, crouched against the cool ground, choosing the tenderest portions of his steak with care. When he had had his fill and his furry stomach bulged like a small beer keg, he ambled out on to the soft grass by the swimming-pool.

It was the Grigsby, coming out of the uncomfortable atmosphere of the house after dinner, who found George there.

George watched the Grigsby's approach and decided that there was nothing in her attitude that promised anger. She stopped beside him and stood with her hands on her hips.

"You, George," she said, "are a thief."

George stopped his washing and looked at her quizzically. There was no unfriendliness. He twinked his whiskers and yawned.

The Grigsby squatted beside him. "Was it a good steak?" she asked. "Ours was good, what there was of it."

George regarded her with indecision for a moment. But the Grigsby's voice continued, and the touch of her fingers was friendly. George relaxed and curled his whiskers forward and thrust out his head so that she might rub his furry chin, and deep down in his throat he allowed a low purr to begin.

"You and I, George, have a lot in common," the Grigsby continued. "A liking for red meat, a tendency toward taking what we want. Maybe I'm just not quite so obvious as you."

Tim appeared after a time. It was inevitable that he would, for the atmosphere within the house was not easy.

He came out to the pool with a drink in his hand, and he hunkered down beside the Grigsby and rubbed George's back with vigor, ending each stroke of his hand with a pull on George's stub tail that lifted all but George's forepaws off the ground. The Grigsby took Tim's drink and sampled it deeply.

"Lucas," she said, "is not happy."

Tim let it pass, although he felt vaguely that he should come to his wife's defence.

"Lucas," said the Grigsby, "does not understand you, Tim. Lucas doesn't even try to understand you."

"Lucas," said Tim, "is all right."

The Grigsby changed her approach—maliciously. "Do you know," she asked, "that during all the time we were at school you were the only boy in our whole crowd who didn't make love to me? Why?"

Tim's honesty was prompted perhaps by the drink in his hand and the drinks in his mind. "I was afraid to," he said. "I was madly in love with you, but you were too popular. I was afraid you'd laugh at me."

The Grigsby studied her fingers still playing with George's ear. "I wouldn't have," she said finally, which was not entirely true. She looked up and her voice was soft as she added another half-truth. "I wouldn't now."

Her face was close and her mouth was parted, and her red lips were inviting. Tim was still kissing her, when Lucas came out of the house.

When the house was quiet, when the shouting had died away, and the Grigsbys and the Towles had departed, George came warily out of the bushes into the moonlight. The house was dark except for Tim's and Lucas' bedroom. He stretched himself and then got up and ambled around to the back door.

Please turn to page 26


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# A Salute for the Sergeant

QUICKLY the days passed. He fished. He went quail hunting in wheatfields golden under the sun. He shot rabbits, and he picked huge blackberries.

But oftenest he lay in a grassy patch on the creek bank, relaxed but not oblivious. It was as if his every pore was a hungry mouth drinking in sight and sound and sensation for which he so long had yearned.

Like precious coins greased with quicksilver the days slipped through his hands. By Friday he had to brace himself to the fact that he must leave Sunday night.

"I'll go into town on Saturday," he decided. "I'll talk to a few people. Martha Kidwell did try to be decent to me. Maybe I'll ask her to take in the Fair with me."

Saturday morning, when he started for town, the western sky was a battleground of churning, lurid-colored clouds.

As he walked toward Du Frayne, he felt no wind; but the atmosphere had a smouldering, brassy glint and the air was taut with a hush of leashed violence.

Uneasily he kept glancing into the west. And then he saw what he'd half expected. A low black cloud racing out of the west, with an appendage of a long tapering funnel that touched the ground.

He stood rooted, taring, appalled by the speed with which the cloud approached. Like a prehensile elephant's trunk, the whirling funnel slanted and writhed and bent; and at the top of the cloud black objects wheeled and soared—debris sucked up through the funnel, trees and barn doors and hay and lumber—whatever had been torn up, whirling into the vortex of the twister.

So swiftly it came on!

For an instant Arlie felt panic. He'd seen what twisters could do. He'd seen steel bridges lifted from their concrete bases, straws driven like spikes into tree trunks, and the roof of a house which had sailed a dozen miles. So his first impulse was to dive into a ditch, as if from a strafing Zero.

Then he realised that he wasn't in the direct path of the twister. The town was, however.

He started running toward Du Frayne.

Presently he could hear the thunder and bellow of the twister. It sounded like the roar of a freight train through a tunnel.

For a heart-lifting moment, then, he saw the whirlwind cloud rise in the air, as if to skip right over town.

But then the twister descended again and struck across the row of buildings flanking the highway.

Mason's Hay and Feed Store crumpled inward. Wortheim's Dress Shop and Madsen's Restaurant and Bus Stop slammed into wreckage. Nelle's Garage went, too. Then it whirled away into the fields, its capricious mischief leaving the west end of town in ruins.

As he ran he saw smoke lifting from the ruins of Nelle's Garage. It was on fire!

The fire seemed to be under control by the time he reached the stricken end of town. People were digging into the wreckage and carefully bringing out the unfortunates who had been indoors when the twister struck these buildings. Arlie thought of the damage which clumsy handling could do to broken bones, and winced. Maybe he could help out a bit.

They were carrying the hurt people into the church, close by. He sprang up the steps and went inside.

Blankets and mattresses had been hastily arranged on the floor and some dozen victims were lying upon them. But there was noisy confusion in the room, for relatives and friends were crowded around. Nobody seemed to be in charge here.

He saw Martha Kidwell bringing in a big first-aid kit.

"Isn't there a doctor here?" he demanded.

She was white of face. "Arlie, the telephone line is down. We've sent a car to Ashley for a doctor."

"Where's Dr. Laidlaw? And Dr. Ames?"

"Laidlaw's in the Army—in England. Old Dr. Ames has been carrying the whole load as best he could. He's out at Danvers' farm. Lucia Danvers is having a baby."

Not a doctor in town, then. It gave him a touch of panic.

But he had to do what he could.

"Look, Martha. First thing, we must fight shock. Get these hurt people covered with blankets and put hot-water bottles at their feet."

It was bad enough when soldiers got it; but somehow it seemed worse when civilians were hurt. Ten-year-old Timmy Mason had a broken leg and lay back biting his lip to choke back his sobs. Chuck Madsen looked as if he'd been too close to a grenade; his abdomen was laid open and he was in a coma from loss of blood. And Pete Armor had a bad "sucking" wound that meant the lung was punctured. And a man and a woman, strangers in town, were dead; falling beams in Madsen's Restaurant had hit them. Worst of the injured were the men who had been in the garage when gasoline exploded into flame. Big old Toby Nelle and his son Eddie and the mechanic Lou Jaeckle were so badly burned that they were already in coma from shock. Tip Marney, from the look of him, was going under very soon.

"They've got to have treatment in a hurry!

Sam Kidwell came in then, carrying a box. Arlie met him.

"Mr. Kidwell, can you give hypos of morphine?"

"I've given them sometimes in the drugstore, Arlie—"

"Then get busy. You got any sulfa in that box?"

"Yes, son. Sulfathiazole tablets and sulfa powder."

"Fine! I'll use the powder. Is there any blood plasma available right away?"

"None in town, Arlie. We never had a blood-bank here."

"Then we'll have to give whole-blood transfusions. Fast as we can! Martha, you run back to the store and get all the transfusion equipment you've got and anything we can make do! And for pity's sake get this crowd moving out from underfoot!"

Arlie bent to his knees beside Pete Armor. The sucking chest wound had to be closed at once. He sprinkled it with sulfa powder and put thick sterile pads over it and taped it down firmly, making it airtight and leakproof. Meanwhile, his orders were being carried out by older men who had overheard his directions to the druggist.

Arlie's uniform and insignia, his cool, curt directives, and immediate getting down to business all carried authority. A mounting confidence and order brought quiet into the room.

Arlie wasn't aware. The need to give blood transfusions was a screaming urgency in his brain. But the set-up was so crude!

"We need blood donors," he announced. "One at a time, please. Come over to this table."

He had no time to determine the blood type of each donor and each patient. He dared take time only for cross-typing. . . . Martha came in as he worked, bringing tubing and needles and citrate solution and several transfusion bottles and other bottles out of which to improvise equipment.

Arlie started drawing blood from his donors, filling the bottles. And then at last—though actually it was still a matter of minutes—he was inserting needles into the burned men's veins and starting the flow of blood into their depleted systems. And as the gift of life trickled slowly into their flesh again their breathing livened and flushed awareness returned to their faces.

Arlie didn't watch this familiar marvel; Arlie was busy checking up on his other patients. Morphine had eased their pain; sulfa powder had eased their danger.

So he came back to his burn patients. With returning consciousness, pain would begin unless those burns were properly and quickly dressed.

"Martha, bring me those bandage rolls," he ordered.

He bent over Toby Nelle and dusted the burned areas of flesh with sulfa powder. Then he covered them with vaseline-smeared bandages and taped the rolls down snug and tight.

He had finished when he realised that a man was standing beside him, watching.

Continued from page 7

"Good job, Arlie. New technique, huh? Better than a triple-dye spray?"

Arlie straightened creakily to his feet and instinctively lifted arm in salute, saying, "Yes, sir." Old Dr. Ames, looking gaunt and tired, was smiling at him.

"I was a captain in the corps myself last war. Looks as if you've got things pretty much under control, sergeant. What do we do next?"

There was plenty to do; fractures to splint and hastily dressed wounds to dress properly. When he looked at Chuck Madsen's abdomen, at the deep gash through the plate of hard muscle across his stomach, Dr. Ames looked bleak. The transfusion had helped, but Madsen was at low ebb.

"Have to sew him up, Arlie. Under anaesthesia. Ether—"

Arlie said, "Sir, from ether he'll heave and vomit when he wakes up and rip out all your stitches. Let me give him sodium pentothal, sir."

Mr. Kidwell had the material in the pharmacy and went hastily to get it. Dr. Ames looked on then, absorbed, as Arlie stuck a hypo needle into the injured man's arm.

"Count slowly up to twenty, Chuck," Arlie directed.

And as Madsen painfully counted one . . . two . . . three, at each count Arlie put another drop of sodium pentothal into the man's veins. And by the time he counted five Chuck Madsen's voice was getting lower; was fading out by eight; and he was sound asleep before he got to ten at all.

Dr. Ames shook his tired head, murmured "Live and learn. And when we doctors learn, people live. Good job, sergeant!"

It was suppertime when they finally finished. "Come home with me, Arlie," Dr. Ames suggested.

"Thanks, sir, but I left my dog locked up in my shack. I didn't think I'd be delayed so long. Good night, sir."

Arlie had been gone ten minutes when Martha came back to the church, carrying a tray of food she'd prepared in the drugstore.

She looked around for Arlie. She was very tired and unnerved, and when she realised that he had gone she could not keep the tears from welling into her eyes.

Next morning was Sunday. For the last time Arlie cleaned up his shack and set things to rights. He lit a cigarette, and took a lingering final look around. Then he locked up.

He took Two-bits across the fields back to the Olehausen farm. And he started walking to town.

A car coming down the road stopped abruptly. Martha Kidwell was driving it.

"Oh, Arlie!" she called. "Dad thought you might have some heavy luggage, and suggested I come out and give you a lift."

"Thanks," he said. He got in. Martha looked so pretty and sparkling that his pulse leaped as he sat down beside her.

"Arlie, the doctor from Ashley arrived, and your patients are all fine, so you've got nothing to worry about. I saw Dr. Ames and he suggested I take you out to the Fair. Care to go?"

"Why, yes, I'd like to."

It was fun at the Fair grounds. Everybody said hello to him. And when he bought ice-cream for Martha and himself, or threw rings over pegs, they wouldn't let him pay. "It's on the house, sergeant!" they told him.

At four o'clock band music blared up, lively and exciting, and the crowd started toward the speaker's stand.

"Come on, Arlie!" Martha urged.

White-haired, acid-tongued Mayor Kyle was on the bandstand. He spotted Arlie and Martha and beckoned imperiously. The mayor himself drew them back to chairs among the notables seated on the stand.

Acutely self-conscious, Arlie couldn't hide his misery. Martha looked at him, then squeezed his hand in hers and whispered, "But, Arlie, they like you! Relax."

The mayor beckoned to Arlie. Martha pressed his arm and whispered, "Stand up, Arlie!" He did stand up. He walked forward in a kind of daze, and Mayor Kyle put an arm about his shoulders and the band blared out, and the crowd went wild, clapping and cheering and whistling.

Somehow the mayor got them quiet finally so he could talk.

Briefly he talked, but to the point; and he ended: ". . . though they left us as boys, they'll come back as soldiers, as men who will make vital places for themselves in our community.

"Arlie Bradford is our first returned soldier—and our best beloved. To-day he starts back to duty. * We will miss him and will pray for his safe return." He grinned at Arlie, but very soberly he said, "We need you, Arlie—and you belong to us. Don't ever forget it!"

The crowd yelled and applauded again, and Arlie's eyes filled, so that the mayor's face was a kindly blur. And only Mayor Kyle and Martha heard him say, "I won't, sir. I won't ever forget it!"

Martha went to the bus stop with him.

The bus rumbled in and stopped. Passengers started aboard.

Arlie looked at Martha. She stood close, looking up at him, her sweet face serious.

Abruptly he bent and kissed her—and her lips were warm, responsive, and that was right, so very right!

"All aboard!"

He grabbed his luggage and ran.

"Write to me, Arlie!"

"I will. 'Bye, Martha!"

As the bus started off, Arlie looked out his window and waved. Martha waved back, smiling. And that was better than a brass band and a cheering crowd. That was something to remember and cherish. That was something to come back to.

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*Gardener finds quick way to heal*

**CUTS AND SCRATCHES**

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*Last week I caught my hand on a blade of the lawnmower. "I'll give you some Rexona for that right away" my neighbour said. "You don't want any complications."*

*She smeared some Rexona into the cut—and also on a couple of scratches I'd collected while clipping the hedge. I felt its soothing effect immediately.*

*You've no idea how quickly I healed! Now Rexona has a permanent place in our medicine cupboard. With my two mops always in the wash, I find Rexona a real blessing.*

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# Ambassador of Love

Continued from page 23

BUT the door was closed and George pushed against it vainly with his shoulder. It was locked. He pondered the situation for a moment and then turned away and trotted briskly across the yard to the lighted window of the bedroom. It was four feet to the window ledge. George made it easily in one smooth leap. He looked in through the glass. He saw Tim sitting on the edge of the bed and Lucas standing, leaning back against her dressing-table. Lucas' slim body was taut with anger. George yowled.

Tim got up from the bed and came over and opened the window, and George dropped into the room and rubbed against Tim's shins.

Lucas said quietly, stiffly, "I told you that I will not live in the same house with that thieving beast."

There was no mistaking the threat of her tone. George looked at Lucas and his eyes turned to agate and his stub tail, which had been high, dropped and began to twitch slightly.

Tim said, "Love me, my darling, love my cat." There was no laughter in his voice.

Lucas' hands gripped the edge of the dressing-table until her knuckles were white. "Love you," she said slowly, distinctly, "love your cat and your redhead and any other small possessions you might acquire—"

"I've explained," Tim interrupted, "six times so far."

"And I didn't believe the last explanation any more than I believed the first," Lucas said, and her voice began to climb, "and I won't stay in this house another instant with that cat!"

"In that case, my pet," Tim said "you'll stay here alone. Come on, George. We'll sleep in the playhouse."

Lucas awakened early the next morning uneasily. She turned on her side and faced Tim's empty bed and regarded it blankly, and then she remembered.

Out in the playhouse, Tim, too, was suffering. There were three distinct troubles. There was a weight on his chest, an ache in his head, and remorse in his heart. The first trouble, which turned out to be George, was easily cleared up.

The two other troubles remained. Tim got up from the studio couch. He was stiff and ore. He got a full glass of cold water and drank it eagerly. He found a cigarette. He went back to the studio couch and sat down. On the floor George eyed Tim quizzically as if waiting for a solution of their mutual problem.

Tim said, "I don't have a solution, so stop looking at me like that." He thought of the night and of the day, and he realised that the kissing of the Grigsby had been merely a climax, a last straw. He thought of Lucas, and an empty feeling that was no caused by hangover came into his stomach.

From the kitchen came the rattle of pots and the aroma of coffee, signifying to George that the day had officially begun. Habit moved him strongly. He stood up and stretched himself and regarded Tim once more, and then turned and trotted, tail high, out of the playhouse.

It was some minutes before George returned, a white carnation tucked crosswise in his mouth. He trotted up to Tim and sat down on the floor, and Tim took the carnation and pulled George's ears absently.

Tim said, "Thank you. At least there's one bright spot in the day." He turned the flower around in his hand. "Lucas would like one." And then, quite suddenly, his hand stopped and he looked at George appraisingly. There was hope in his voice. "George," he said, "do you think you could swing it?" And he jumped up from the couch and began to hunt around for a pencil and paper.

Cook was working at the sink when George came in. She looked at George and she saw the carnation in his mouth, and she pointed to the bowl of cold milk beneath the stove, and she said, "There's your breakfast, you thief." She looked to verify that the dining-room door was closed before she turned back to her work.

But George was in no mood to be ignored. He stood in the middle of the floor, and the throaty growl that rumbled in his chest was plain for Cook to hear.

Cook turned and saw him. George, crouching, advanced a step. "Your milk's over there," Cook said. She swallowed once and gestured again. George moved another step forward.

Cook retreated a step. "I didn't mean it when I called you a thief," she began.

George ignored her words. His eyes were fixed and unblinking, and the growl rumbled menacingly and the fur on his shoulders stood at full height. He came forward softly on his padded paws.

Cook's voice rose almost hysterically as George herded her into the corner. She scuttled along the side wall, and then she felt the pressure of the door-knob against her back and she seized it and threw the door open and dashed into the dining-room and quickly put the table between herself and George.

But George ignored her. Still clutching the carnation, he trotted through the open door and into the hall on which Tim's and Lucas' bedroom opened. The door to the bedroom was open a crack. George put his shoulder to it and trotted inside.

Lucas was sitting on the edge of the bed with her head in her hands, and her shoulders were shaking slightly. George advanced, making no sound. He sprang on to the bed and landed next to her.

LUCAS felt the jar, and looked up and saw him. Her eyes were red. "You," she said, and her voice shook. "You!" She pointed to the door. "Get out!" And she raised her hand.

George had never threatened Lucas, considering her Tim's special property and different from Cook. But he had his instructions and in them there was no mention of protocol. He stood his ground and he held out the carnation in his mouth.

Lucas' hand stopped. She regarded George wide-eyed, in surprise. She saw the carnation between hi jaws and she saw the note wrapped tightly around its stem. She dropped her hand.

"Tim sent you," she said.

George did not reply. He thrust his head farther forward.

Lucas took the carnation from his mouth. She unrolled the note and read it eagerly and then she looked at George again, and the tears were plain in her eyes and in her voice.

"He calls you his ambassador," she said, "and he says that the carnation is your credential, and he says—" She dropped the note and the carnation and she bent over quickly and buried her face in George's furry side. "Oh, George!" she sobbed.

And from the door Tim said, "As an ambassador you're superb." And he came quickly into the room.

George finished his bowl of milk with one final swipe of his pink tongue, and the taste of rum was in his mouth and the warmth of rum was in his furry stomach. He raised his head from the bowl and regarded Cook. He licked his whiskers clean and yawned and stretched, and then he straightened up and his stub tail rose like a flag.

For a minute he waited hopefully for Cook to laugh, to scoff as she had the night before. But Cook was studiously silent, ostentatiously occupied. George turned away and, with more than a hint of swagger in his gait, he trotted out of the back door and down the drive and turned purposefully up the footpath toward the house where the dog lived.

It was going to be a good day.

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# Knotty Problems

By . . .
VICKI ANDERSON

I WAS never a Girl Guide, so that there WAS a time in my frivolous feminine existence when I was happy in the mistaken belief that a knot was a knot.

On those insignificant occasions when I wrapped a parcel, tied a shoelace, put up a clothesline, I did so gaily, nonchalantly — tying big, beautiful, untieable knots and giving no more thought to the matter.

That was in the days of B.N.L. (Before Nautical Lampshades) and B.M.S. (Before Manual of Seamanship, Vol. I).

Now I've sunk so low in femininity that, far from generalising about knots, I refer familiarly to them as Double Matthew Walkers, Single Diamonds, Wall and Crown—never making the unforgivable error of confusing them with bends, hitches, or splices.

I can't shake my conviction that at this very moment someone somewhere is tying a wrong hitch or bend—a Double Blackwall that will slip with dire consequences, colossal damage, and awful loss of life—a Sheet Bend that won't possibly withstand sea zephyrs and salt water.

**I haunt the harbor front, making sure the Queen Mary and King George V and all the little ships are safely moored. It's the little ships which bother me most.**

Nothing can convince me that their owners really know about Manual of Seamanship, Vol. I, and on stormy nights I am to be seen—a lone figure, striking out across the dark waters, a torch strapped to my head and Manual of Seamanship, Vol. I, tucked under my arm while I check up on buoy after buoy.

Tug-masters hate the sight of me. Dog-men on cranes curse when I query their rope lashings just as they are about to sail bravely into the stratosphere. Shop assistants give me my own parcels to wrap anyway.

Close friends sympathise with my condition, pretend not to notice when they come upon me making soft little noises to myself while I tie and untie bits of string and rope.

Mother blames herself for not warning me about keen-as-mustard Navy lieutenant husbands and their possible reactions to a nautical lampshade, for it all began with that lampshade.

If it hadn't been for the lampshade, I might still have been a happy, harmless member of the community.

It was a neat cream lampshade with a mad little boat painted on it. It was just asking for a bit of rope coiled round top and bottom and I passed on the request to the lieutenant.

He yielded to the wifely whim, arrived home from the ship next day with a great coil of boa-constrictor manila hemp.

He watched me patiently attacking rope and fingers with a needle. "What," he said at last, "are you doing about the ends?"

"Oh, the ends," I mumbled. "Well, I thought I'd just tack one neatly down and let the other dangle casually around the base of the lamp."

He shuddered.

"No rope," he said, icily, "ever dangles casually in the Navy. And the ends should be whipped."

He took the shade, and agonisingly I watched my beautiful rope being split asunder at the end. Then followed mysterious manipulations, much muttering, but no visible signs of repair.

**"Good heavens," he admitted at last, "wouldn't have believed it possible. I've forgotten how to do the darn thing. Have to brush up on the Seamanship Manual."**

He flicked the pages.

"Ah, yes; of course; that's the splice we want. Bal jove, and here's the good old Parbuckle and the Catspaw, and, yes—no, it isn't—yes, it is—it's the Bowline on the Bight."

My lack of interest in buckles, cats, and bites was not lost on the lieutenant.

"Just like all women," he muttered. "The only knot you know is the only one that is exiled in the Navy—the atrocious granny knot. And you keep on with it when there are hundreds of others invaluable for domestic use.

"Now, take the clove hitch, the handiest non-slippable knot of them all."

I fell for the bait, and after a tussle with door-knob and a great length of string I got the better of the clove hitch, just in case I had to get out of bed one night and "secure the ratlines to the shrouds" on the verandah.

If a bit of string ever gets you as far as the clove hitch—Stop!

Don't be badgered, bullied into going a step further. A few more turns and you'll be in the throes of a Rolling Hitch—invaluable for those odd times when you want to leave the washing-up and "smartly lash a hammock or two to the gantlines."

**Throw in a Round Turn and two Half-hitches, parcel the rope—and any self-respecting housewife can lean confidently out the window and "secure a hawser to a buoy."**

A clove hitch goes on indefinitely, passing en route a Turk's Head Running. For heaven's sake, let the darn thing run on out of sight.

Overtake it, and you'll be caught up in this:—

"Take a single piece of cod line or other suitable lines, middle it and form a clove hitch round the rope. Cross the two parts in the same direction as the original cross and dog one end through; follow the end round so as to produce two or more parts all round. As many crosses may be made and the ends followed round as often as is desired. Finish by hauling all parts taut and making a wall and crown on the outer end."

**You can see how the thing gets you in its evil grasp. Catch up with a Turk's Head Running and in no time you'll be Passing a Stopper, Belaying a Cleat, and fitting a Becket in a Hawser.**

And all these knots, splices, bends and hitches are elementary, the lieutenant informs me. Wait till you catch up with a few of the really tricky old sea-salt ones, he says.

Well, no one can say I'm not trying! I'm getting this knot business definitely tied up. After a week experimenting with string rope, during which, as the lieutenant found to his horror, not even his bootlaces or dressing-gown cords were sacred, I've even perfected a few little twists and turns of my own.

Yesterday I climaxed my efforts with what I triumphantly believe is the long-sought Gordian Knot. It is absolutely untieable.

The lieutenant wrestled with it until the small hours. This morning he took it down to the ship and later returned, leaving the captain and crew in frightful tempers, but the knot still intact.

As I feel the Admiralty would never forgive me if I kept the Gordian Knot to myself, I am wrapping it up in a neat little parcel now to forward to them with a modest little note.

**P.S.—The lieutenant must be experimenting himself. Just now I came upon him in the garage with a great length of rope at the end of which he had made rather a neat noose.**

# Vanderbilt widow chooses rich name for cosmetics

Radioed by L. J. MILLER of our New York staff

**Latest recruit to the ranks of working girls in New York is 43-year-old beautiful widow Mrs. Gloria Vanderbilt, who has opened a cosmetic salon with the key name of "Diamant Bleu" (Blue Diamond).**

MRS. VANDERBILT had to look for a career when her daughter, Mrs. Gloria Vanderbilt Stokowski, wife of the famous orchestral conductor, cut off her mother's £7000 annual allowance and told her to "go to work."

So Mamma accepted the challenge and opened a glamorous new cosmetic salon with a marble entrance, carved mirrors, Rodin sculptures, Degas paintings, and blue velvet hangings, in a mansion which also contains the decorating business of Maurice Chalom, who has long admired the beautiful widow, and is said by some to be her fiance.

Mrs. Stokowski's fortune is estimated at £1,500,000. She and her husband were in Hollywood when her mother's New York salon was opened.

Mrs. Vanderbilt has used an appropriately optimistic French motto as the theme of the wallpaper in several rooms at her salon.

It is "Apres la pluie, le beau temps," which, roughly translated, means "Every cloud has a silver lining."

Theme perfume of the salon is "Diamant Bleu" (Blue Diamond), which Mrs. Vanderbilt sprayed lavishly about her from an atomiser at the salon's opening day.

## Initials and crest

PERFUMES, skin lotions, and cold creams are made from formulae upon which Gloria herself has worked, and she has designed the crest which each container bears.

As well as the crest, each container has Mrs. Vanderbilt's initials.

**Interviewed this week, Mrs. Vanderbilt was in her salon shortly after the opening hour, dusting round like an anxious housewife in a little print dress.**

She works at a dainty gold-covered red leather desk and appeared radiantly happy over joining the ranks of women cosmetic tycoons.

"Even Paris is asking for our products," she said.

"I want all women to enjoy my cosmetics." She added that they were dedicated to the natural unmade-up look which she approves.

The products involved in Mrs. Vanderbilt's natural look include three types of cold cream, a skin lotion, choice of two kinds of foundations, hand lotion, rouge, and perfume.

The name of the perfume, "Diamant Bleu," carries through to all the other jars and bottles.

Besides the essentials there is a handsome metal compact decorated with the favorite French motto mentioned earlier.

**"Diamant Bleu" perfume, Gloria explained, is blended from an old French formula, plus modern improvements by Vanderbilt.**

Chalom discovered the original recipe hidden away in his French chateau, she added.

The perfume bottle, made in France, is a chunk of crystal bevelled like a diamond.

One half-ounce is the smallest amount available, and it is priced at £10 an ounce.

Crests and the initials "G.V." pop up everywhere you look on bottle-caps, powder box lids, and are even stamped into the cork of the men's cologne bottle.

Two luxuries are provided for men, an after-shave lotion and cologne, put up like a bottle of champagne and presented in a hand-woven wicker basket.

General color scheme of the salon is in two blues, pale for background with deeper accents.

The showrooms and new cosmetics are intended for wholesale trade only.

Gloria Vanderbilt preparations will appear in retail stores at the beginning of September. They will be upper-medium priced by American standards.

## Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — FOR THE CHILDREN — by TIM

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4723540

# Star again, but no romance for James Stewart

*By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood*

**Two ex-servicemen who are quietly making a picture in Hollywood are the same two who were responsible for those delightful films in the past—"You Can't Take It With You" and "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington."**

**The director is ex-Colonel Frank Capra and the star is ex-Colonel Jimmy Stewart, who are now working on "It's A Wonderful Life."**

*JAMES STEWART, one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors, whose fine war record and likeable personality make him highly popular, was photographed by Nat Dallinger at Ciro's with beautiful Anita Colby. Jimmy, now back in films, says he has no special interest in any girl.*

JIMMY STEWART before the war was Hollywood's most eligible bachelor, and, though greying slightly at the temples, is still the most eligible.

He is making his first movie since being discharged from the Army Air Force, and invited me to sit in his dressing-room between shots.

**Draping his script over his lanky knees, Jimmy said: "It is amazing how much I have forgotten about picture-making while in the service.**

"That is why I have asked for no visitors for the first week's shooting.

"I found it difficult to remember lines, and was self-conscious about the camera.

"I have a healthy respect for those other actors who have been off the screen for three or more years and who seem able to slip back in the old groove without trouble.

"I can assure you it has not been the case with me, but I am getting back into the swing of things this week."

Jimmy has no other ambitions except acting, as "That is all I know how to do, so I guess I must try and be good at it." He has no ideas about directing or producing like many actors.

**He hastily changed the subject when romance was mentioned.**

**Since going into the Air Force Jimmy's name has not been coupled seriously with any girl.**

Olivia de Havilland was his steady girl-friend before he joined up, but intimates say that Jimmy is fancy free to-day. Hollywood grapevine believes he has not found any girl reaching his ideal, who was Margaret Sullavan.

Ten years ago Margaret, Jimmy, and Henry Fonda were closer than the Three Musketeers, while they tried their stage wings in "summer stock," all hoping for fame.

All three achieved screen stardom, but Henry married Margaret and Jimmy was left out.

Jimmy himself grinned cryptically at mention of his bachelorhood, and said, "I hope to make three pictures as quickly as possible.

"I am signed with Liberty Productions for three with Frank Capra. He understands me, as we both spent years in the Air Force and have much to talk about."

Quiet-voiced Frank Capra and Jimmy were colonels in the Army Air Force.

Most of Hollywood's leading men are back from the services now, and were joined last week by Captain Van Heflin, when he stepped into the starring role opposite Joan Crawford in Warners' film, "Possessed."

A former Marine captain, Tyrone Power is starring in Fox's production, "The Razor's Edge"; ex-sergeant Glenn Ford in Columbia's "Journey"; a boatswain's mate, Cesar Romero, is in Fox's film carnival, "In Costa Rica"; and coastguardsman Victor Mature is reading scripts.

# Book inspired by film made here

TOGETHER with Ealing's Australian film "The Overlanders" comes the novel of the same name written by versatile and capable Australian author Dora Birtles.

Mrs. Birtles describes her book as "cinema writing in reverse," as the book was "inspired" by the film, on which she worked as research officer with director Harry Watt.

In 1944 Mrs. Birtles was asked by Harry Watt to join his film unit. She began to learn screen technique, and suggested the title for the film which deals with an epic trek of cattle across Australia soon after the war against Japan began.

Though the menace of a Japanese invasion brought about the story of "The Overlanders," the plot deals mostly with the fight against nature, when a band of Australians pitted their courage and skill against the brute strength of thousands of animals which were needed for a continued supply of meat in a threatened country.

The Parsons family (father, mother, and two daughters); Dan, the Drover; Corky, Sinbad, Charlie, and Jacky are all heroes of "The Overlanders," and in bringing them to life in book form Dora Birtles has combined her remarkable knowledge of her country's condition with a story of a simple and typical band of people from the outback.—M.A.B.

*DORA BIRTLES, Australian writer, traveller, and housewife, whose latest book, "The Overlanders," is based on the Ealing film soon to be given world release.*

# Film Reviews

**OUR FILM GRADINGS**
★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

## ★★★ EASY TO WED

WHEN MGM first presented this story under the title of "Libelled Lady" it was a smash hit, and starred William Powell, Spencer Tracy, Myrna Loy, and Jean Harlow. Now it comes to light again in technicolor streamlined trappings, and stars Van Johnson, Esther Williams, Lucille Ball, and Keenan Wynn. The result is fine, even if this reviewer at least had a nostalgic memory of MGM's earlier edition.

There's a scene-stealer in this film who will never know that from bobby-sockers' idol Van Johnson he quietly filched entire audience attention. He'll never know—because he is a dog . . .

Luxury settings surround the story of heiress Esther Williams, who threatens a libel suit against a newspaper. Editor Keenan Wynn, his secretary, Lucille Ball, and a reporter, Van Johnson, conspire to compromise the heiress and make her drop the libel action.

The players take it from there, and, with the addition of Cecil Kellaway, everyone, including the audience, has a grand time.

There's some music and a song or two. There's also Miss Williams in a bathing-suit, and that entrancing spaniel for extra-good measure.—St. James; showing.

## ★★ SO GOES MY LOVE

FACED with the situation of filming portion of the home life story of American inventor, Hiram Maxim, Universal took the unusual and welcome step of stressing the humor more than the tears. There are plenty of sentimental scenes, but they are safe in the hands of Don Ameche, Myrna Loy, and an intelligent small boy, Bobby Driscoll.

Back in 1860, Hiram Maxim, a brilliant, temperamental, eccentric young man, fell in love with a country girl, who was lovely to look at, possessed a sense of humor, and a determination to get a husband. Their subsequent trials and tribulations have been skilfully adapted for good film entertainment.

Don Ameche, one of the screen's really good actors when well cast, turns in a grand job as Hiram, and Myrna Loy's charming performance only makes the long spaces between her recent films more regrettable. Young Bobby Driscoll won't send anyone from the theatre raging about "precocious youngsters." He is a very likeable small boy.—Lyceum; showing.

## ★★ THE NIGHT HAS EYES

JAMES MASON, England's star who sets so many feminine hearts fluttering when his glowering face appears on the screen, does another job of scowling plus in a good thriller yarn from BEF. It would be amusing some time to see Jimmy give a really hearty laugh, though maybe his distinctive charm would disappear.

In this tense story of murders, storms, and a psychopathic war victim who falls in love with an ingenuous blonde schoolteacher the action is well sustained. Spine chills are frequent. The cast includes Mary Clare, doing a good job as a middle-aged nurse; Wilfred Lawson as a servant, and blonde Joyce Howard.—Victory; showing.

## ★★ FROM THIS DAY FORWARD

AUDIENCE appreciation for this story from RKO will come mostly from young couples who have experienced the worries of marriage without financial security. Also the appearance of handsome and promising actor Mark Stevens playing opposite competent Joan Fontaine will give added attraction.

The film is in flash-back style, as Bill Cummings (Stevens) stands in an employment office after the war and remembers the events of his courtship, marriage, and war service, all of which were marked by a fear of financial insecurity and a fight against neurosis.

Stevens makes Bill Cummings a very real figure, and he gives star Joan Fontaine excellent support. Good jobs also come from Rosemary De Camp and Henry Morgan, as the relations whose hand-to-mouth existence is a constant reminder of the results of marriage on a non-existent bank account.—Mayfair; showing.

## ★★ BADMAN'S TERRITORY

AUSTRALIANS naturally will find their interest centring on Ann Richards in RKO's gallopin', shootin' Western, in which Ann plays the role of a woman editor in early Texas days.

The Sydney actress looks lovely, but her acting suggests that she was not very happy about the role, and she lacks conviction. On the other hand, Randolph Scott and that bewhiskered hardy cowboy, "Gabby" Hayes, have hand-tailored roles which suit them perfectly.

The routine story describes adventures of a Texas sheriff who goes searching for his brother in territory overrun by "baddies." In the town of Quinto he finds enough adventure for any sheriff, and the beautiful woman editor, too, which all makes a film well suited to every enthusiastic follower of Westerns.—Empire; showing

*JOHN MILLS, English film star, in a pre-luncheon interlude with his playwright-actress wife, Mary Hayley Bell, at their home in Denham (England). Mrs. Mills appeared on the Australian stage some years ago, and they have two daughters, "Bunch," who is four, and two-months-old Hayley.*

*MARIA MONTEZ proudly poses with her husband, Jean Pierre Aumont, and their baby daughter, Maria Christina, named after the baby's mother and maternal great-grandmother. Jean Pierre has completed his role in Universal's film, "Shahrazad," based on the life of composer Rimsky-Korsakov.*



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● *VAN JOHNSON. The main ambition of red-haired, freckle-faced Van Johnson is to become as good an actor as Spencer Tracy. He thinks he may achieve that aim in ten years, when he is forty. Early attempts to become a stage personality received little encouragement, and Van's first job was that of shellfish opener during a summer vacation. Now he is the film hero of millions of feminine fans. Van will have an important role in the coming MGM atom bomb story, "The Beginning of the End," in which he will co-star with Spencer Tracy.*



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**BABY:** 'Smatter, Mummy? You *wished* you could have a "soft life" for a change, didn't you?

**MUMMY:** Yes — but I want to switch right *back!* I'd forgotten babies had so many things to make 'em uncomfortable. A baby's life is *hard!*

**BABY:** Not if a baby's Mummy is smart! Not if *she* does things baby can't do for herself—like keeping her tender skin smoothed up with Johnson's Baby Cream and Baby Powder! Johnson's pure, Baby Cream to keep me cherub-soft all over and prevent skin irritation. And Johnson's Baby Powder for cooling sprinkles that make chafes and prickles shoo like THAT!

**MUMMY:** Well from now on you get treated right — with Johnsons.'

Johnson's BABY POWDER AND BABY CREAM

PRODUCTS OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON

TOP DOG

CLOTHES for MEN and BOYS

1 **STREET WAIF KITTY** (Paulette Goddard) is taken into home of handsome but penniless Sir Hugh Marcy (Ray Milland) and his aunt, extravagant Lady Susan (Constance Collier).

2 **FAMOUS PAINTER** Gainsborough (Cecil Kellaway) meets Kitty. His portrait of her is a sensation and she quickly becomes the toast of London.

# KITTY ★ 18th CENTRY ROMANCE

3 **HOPING TO MARRY** Kitty to wealthy Duke (Reginald Owen) and thus obtain money, Hugh and his aunt decide to present her to society as an aristocrat. So they teach her how to dress well and appear rich.

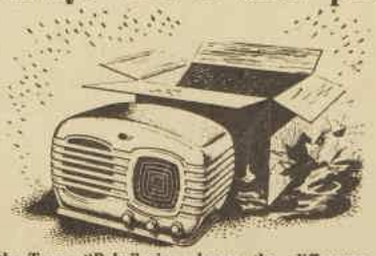
4 **WEALTHY** ironmonger Selby (Dennis Hoey) also wishes to marry Kitty, and to help Hugh she agrees.

5 **AFTER SELBY IS KILLED,** Kitty marries the old Duke, who dies leaving her his fortune, and she becomes engaged to an Earl (Knowles). Hugh is jealous and reveals her past to Earl.

6 **IN SPITE** of Hugh's faults, he is really the man Kitty loves and she finally refuses the Earl to marry him.

**A ROMANTIC drama from Paramount co-stars Paulette Goddard, as a street waif who becomes a great society beauty, and Ray Milland, as the impoverished, self-seeking young aristocrat. Cecil Kellaway is featured as the painter, Sir Thomas Gainsborough, whose picture of Kitty helps to bring her fame and fortune.**


## Do the best things always come in small parcels?



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- ★ Soothes and heals sore, strained throat.
- ★ Assists digestion.

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**MOUN-TAIN MIXTURE**




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# LOVELY WOOLLENS . . .

***featured by British designers***

● Blanca Mosca's beautifully tailored suit in butter-yellow herringbone. Large stiffened pockets set off a long jacket.

● Brilliant lime-yellow is used by Dorville for a coat dress, the waist very nipped, the hips roundly padded.

● Hartnell's evening gown in turquoise wool crepe with applique and sequin detailing on the shoulders and hip drape.

● A peplum dress made by Mercia is of printed wool tie cloth, a fine diagonal weave lightweight sheer wool material.



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WORKS OUT AT 1d A DOSE
Why suffer Pain?

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*HEAD OF FLORA, from the primavera by Botticelli, showing the characteristic curving, tender mouth.*

# *Botticelli manner . . .*

● Would you like to see what the lovely Botticelli lipline can do for you? I feel sure you would — so here's how to achieve that charming concave curve.

By CAROLYN EARLE

THERE are no unbendable rules in the mazes of make-up, but a certain few small tricks seem to work successfully for almost everyone.

At the lavish New York salon of Prince Matchabelli there is a clever young make-up expert who is proceeding to prove that there is always something new under the sun—cosmetically speaking, anyway.

It seems that, having temporarily exhausted purely scientific angles, art has been coaxed into the breach and new inspiration derived from canvases painted by Botticelli in the 15th century.

Right throughout this painter's work the lips of children and women, and even men, have a particularly tender and appealing look—because, according to this theory, the cleft in the lower lip is revealed. A sort of inverted Cupid's bow, but entirely different from the outmoded and unlamented effect we know by the same name.

Anyway, many babies have this charming lip indentation, as have lots of women until they obliterate it by the currently popular make-up technique—outlining and filling in the upper lip, then pressing it down firmly on the lower lip for the imprint.

Admittedly, there's nothing wrong with that, excepting that you cannot achieve the Botticelli lipline in such fashion.

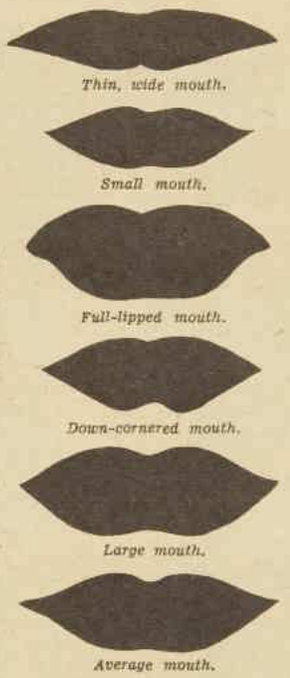
## Flattering line

THE inward curving line is said to be flattering to three out of every four mouths, and, in addition, is corrective for certain far-from-perfect collections of features—playing down an exaggerated chin or jaw, whether jutting or receding.

Knowing that by now you will be eager to try out this technique, here are the directions:

**UPPER LIP:** Start at the corners, draw an outline toward the centre, there paint a curve, but no sharp points. If mouth corners are thin, build them up slightly.

**LOWER LIP:** Start at corners.



*Thin, wide mouth.*

*Small mouth.*

*Full-lipped mouth.*

*Down-cornered mouth.*

*Large mouth.*

*Average mouth.*

Draw an incurving line toward the centre, where you do the inverted Cupid's bow—again no points; concentrate on curves.

Now fill in lipstick and blot. Draw a second complete outline with darker lip rouge and haze it gently into the rest of the mouth. This second darker outline has a lot to do with the success of the trick—it conceals the possibility that you've departed from your natural lipline to get that luscious curve.

For the perfect color job a lipstick brush is needed. Nothing else will give the same sharpness of line and curve and smoothness. But they are hard to get, although promised within a month or two.

So you will have to ad lib—either by cleverly cornering one of those slender sable or camel-hair paint brushes and soaking it in straight peroxide or some sort of antiseptic before use—or by whittling down the end of your lipstick to narrowness.

I've tested this idea myself—it's a little extra trouble, but it can be done with the aid of a steady hand and an eagle eye.

See what this provocative, curved, Botticelli mouth does for you.

*Breathless Charm*

Your skin . . . hair . . . clothes may all reflect your care, but unless your breath also is above reproach your charm is spoilt. Don't gamble, make sure that your breath is pure and fragrant by gargling with Listerine Antiseptic night and morning and before meeting others. Listerine makes your breath sweet and KEEPS it sweet.

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*FOR THE MODERN ROOM, light walls give a feeling of space and set the background for the color scheme and furniture. The above photograph shows a room for a business girl, small and compact, with built-in furniture. The pearl-grey walls show off the grey-blue carpet and divan of deep grey; the printed chair cover and cushion of mauve, pinks, and greys make a charming color scheme for a northern aspect.*

# Color schemes for northern aspect

*By NORA S. McDOUGALL, Our Home Decoration Expert*

COLOR is used in decoration as part of the design . . . It helps to unify or tie together the various parts and articles in the room; it aids in modifying both day and night light; it gives the correct and suitable background for living.

What is more, it can be used to cover faults or accent a given piece or place.

But color schemes are not thrown together by chance. Colors are chosen carefully, blended skilfully.

Aspect plays an important part in the planning. Likes and dislikes, temperament and personality of the occupants-to-be should be given due consideration.

For instance, your husband may have a particular aversion to red; your daughter may positively hate yellow; you yourself cannot stand purple for some reason or other.

Therefore, these strong or dominating colors are ruled out of your scheme, but can be introduced sparingly as accents . . . No man would object to a bowl of rich red roses in the living-room, or a girl to a bowl of golden, sunshiny daffodils on her dressing-table. No one would have any aversion to a charming picture incorporating reds, yellows, or purple hues in its composition.

Again, we find that each type of room "reacts" to certain colors; in other words, certain colors should be used for certain rooms in order to achieve the desired effect.

**Living-room:** Best results are obtained if the scheme is quiet without too many contrasts or vigorous colors, for this room is occupied by many for rest and relaxation.

**Bedrooms:** Should be kept quiet and subdued, but the colors should be "clean" and light in tone.

**Dining-room:** Used only for short periods can be more gaily decorated.

**Nursery:** A room for youth asks for bright, light, happy colors.

Of course, while planning a color scheme, sight should not be lost for a moment of the amount of money you have to spend, as well as the possessions on hand which must be used . . . So plan carefully.

Our climatic conditions call for light, fresh colors, not heavy, depressing ones, no matter the aspect.

The northern aspect is the warmest and brightest of them all, therefore when making color selection think of light, cool walls; floors cool and neutral; curtains and upholstery cool, fresh, and gay; accessories spots of a complementary warm color to give interest and life.

Here is an actual color scheme which was planned for a northern aspect: Palest green walls; a wall-to-wall carpet of grey-green; pale green curtains with a design of old-rose, blue, gold, and green; accessories as cushions, lamp bases, occasional chair, and vases in old-rose and gold; furniture, golden maple.

The effect of soft coolness is achieved by the major color of the room—green, and accented by the old rose, gold, and blue.

## *No need to suffer . . .* DIPHTHERIA

By MEDICO

"SHOULD I have my children immunised against diphtheria?" asked Mrs. Wilkins. "Peggy brought me a circular from the school doctor."

"You take a needless risk if you deny immunisation to Peggy," I told her.

"Science has made possible this magic mantle of immunity. It gives protection, just as the prince in the fairy story was immune to battle wounds when he wore his magic cloak."

"But how does immunisation work?" she asked.

"The cells of our bodies have the power to make certain substances called anti-bodies which they can pour into the blood stream. It is these anti-bodies which fight the poisons brought into our bodies by an attack of diphtheria. In other words, they form a standing army which fights the invading enemy of disease germs. If the standing army is strong enough it vanquishes the invaders and the disease can't gain a hold.

"This is where immunisation comes in. For immunisation is a means of increasing the number of anti-bodies. By giving a healthy child injections containing a very small quantity of weakened diphtheria toxin his body is stimulated to produce more anti-bodies, with the result that a lasting immunity develops."

"Is diphtheria immunisation still an experiment?" asked Mrs. Wilkins.

"Far from it," I said. "Over thirty million children throughout the world to-day sleep confidently in the knowledge that they cannot suffer from diphtheria.

"Your children have a right to be strong, healthy, and happy. They are entitled to every precaution which will ensure good health.

"Every child should be immunised before he is twelve months old."

*HEADS TOGETHER in the bath. This bonny pair will never suffer the ravages of diphtheria because of early immunisation. They have also been immunised against whooping cough.*

***bright horizons, happy days***

Serving the Allied Cause throughout the War, the K.P.M. and other principal Netherlands Shipping Lines lost 164 vessels as a result of enemy action. This was almost half of their combined fleets.

Happily, that is all in the past. The day should not be far distant when "Great White Yachts" of the K.P.M. Line will be thronged again with happy travellers bound for the glamorous islands of the Netherlands Indies and Singapore.

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***Post-war reconstruction***

More grace . . . more comfort . . . for more women! We're trying to make "Lady Ruth" garments more readily obtainable. To complete your post-war reconstruction picture, add the grace and the comfort of a superb "Charma" Brassiere.

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and Charma Underlift Brassieres

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# Within the HOUR

*By . . . The Australian Women's Weekly Food and Cookery Experts.*

TAKE your pick of these tempting clockwork dinners . . . precision planned, every detail given for preparing food efficiently and quickly.

Work by the clock—read the plan carefully in advance—arrange your day to allow for advance preparation in the morning.

Each menu is planned for four.

## MENU 1.

*Quick Vegetable Broth*
*Cogwheel Casserole*
*Diced Carrots* *Potatoes*
*Green Peas*
*French Fried Pears*

**Advance Preparation:** Shell 1lb. peas. Scrape and cube 2 carrots. Scrub 2 potatoes.

Make batter for pears: sift 1 cup flour with 1 teaspoon baking-powder, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon cinnamon. Add 1 unbeaten egg, stirring dry ingredients in from the sides. Add 1 cup milk gradually. Lastly, fold in ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind. Beat smooth, allow to stand until required.

Hard-boil 1 egg to garnish cogwheel casserole; drop unshelled into cold water, leave in water until needed.

Make toast croutons for vegetable broth.

**BETWEEN FIVE AND SIX O'CLOCK**

**Quick Vegetable Broth:** Grate 1 carrot, 1 onion, 1 potato, piece of swede; dice 1 stick celery. Place in pan with 3 cups meat or vegetable stock, 1 teaspoon meat extract, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon washed barley. Simmer ½ hour, stirring occasionally. Serve garnished with cubes of carrot (filched from vegetable dish!) and toast croutons.

**Cogwheel Casserole:** Blend 2 level tablespoons flour with 1 cup milk. Stir until it boils and thickens, cool slightly. Add 1 cup tomato puree, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley. Dice or break up one 12oz. tin of luncheon meat and add to sauce. Turn into greased casserole. Garnish with fingers of buttered bread sprinkled with grated cheese; fill alternate spaces with chopped hard-boiled egg. Bake 15 to 20 minutes in moderate oven without allowing it to boil.

While cogwheel casserole is reheating in oven, cook vegetables and French fried pears.

**Diced Carrots, Potatoes, Peas:** Peel and dice potatoes, place in pan with prepared carrots and peas. Cover with warm salted water, add a sprig of mint. Simmer gently 15 to 20 minutes. Drain carefully, keep hot.

**French Fried Pears:** Dip peeled and cored pear-halves into prepared batter, coating well. Deep fry golden brown in fuming fat. Drain well, sprinkle with lemon juice and sugar, serve very hot.

*Every detail of preparing and serving this tempting dinner is given on this page.*

*A satisfying three-course dinner — quick and easy — no meat coupons needed.*

## MENU 2.

*Honeyed Grapefruit*
*Poached Butterfish*
*with*
*Crumbed Tomato Puree*
*Browned Potato Slices*
*Broccoli with Hard-boiled Eggs*
*Apple Jelly Turnovers*

**Advance Preparation:** Prepare grapefruit; allowing ½ grapefruit for each person. Spread with honey; chill in ice-chest or refrigerator.

Make 1 cup breadcrumbs for crumbed tomato puree.

Hard-boil 2 eggs, leave in shells, drop into cold water until needed.

Make 8oz. shortcrust pastry; wrap in waxed paper, store in ice-chest or refrigerator until required.

Scrub 2 medium-sized potatoes.

**BETWEEN FIVE AND SIX O'CLOCK**

**Apple Jelly Turnovers:** Roll pastry thinly, cut into five-inch squares. Spoon apple jelly on to centre; moisten edges and fold diagonally. Brush with water, sprinkle lightly with sugar. Bake on greased tray 12 to 15 minutes in hot oven. Keep hot or reheat before serving.

**Broccoli With Hard-Boiled Eggs:** Peel woody outer skin from main stem of 1½lb. broccoli. Cook in lidded pan with boiling salted water until just tender, 12 to 15 minutes. Drain carefully. Serve in hot vegetable dish sprinkled with chopped hard-boiled eggs.

While broccoli cooks, prepare fish.

**Poached Butterfish:** Wash 4 or 5 baby butterfish or leatherjacket in salted water. Trim fins and tails. Place in flat dish with ½ cup milk, ½ teaspoon salt, sprig parsley. Cover with greased paper, cook 12 to 15 minutes in moderate oven. Serve on hot dish, spooning hot tomato puree over the top.

Meanwhile, prepare potato slices and crumbed tomato puree.

**Browned Potato Slices:** Peel the potatoes, slice very thinly. Drop into fuming fat and brown 5 to 6 minutes. Drain well, sprinkle with salt and pepper.

**Crumbed Tomato Puree:** Combine 1 cup fine white breadcrumbs, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon finely minced onion, pinch herbs, ¾ cup milk. Simmer 3 or 4 minutes. Stir in 1 teaspoon butter; gradually add ½ cup tomato puree and ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind. Reheat without boiling.



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PURE DELIGHT
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THE CHOICE OF
EVERY WELL
DRESSED WOMAN
AT ALL LEADING STORES



For Beauty!
"Coverspot
Conceals Blemishes"

*ABOVE: Don't waste stale bread or dry cheese — use them to concoct this savory cheese pudding — simple to make, delicious to eat. See recipe this page.*

*RIGHT: Prize-winning sponge that just melts in the mouth . . . see recipe below. Ever tried a three-inch square of greased paper in centre of each sandwich-tin to prevent sticking?*

# Try these budget-conscious recipes!

● A recipe for stretching the butter ration; a velvety sponge which asks to be made again and again; a savory cheese dish; and a quick dinner sweet — these are prize-winners in this week's recipe contest.

FROM a Victorian reader comes the excellent recipe for stretching the butter ration. The method is simple, results good. It make a splendid spread for toast or sandwiches and a good substitute for butter in mock-cream fillings.

It would not be satisfactory for making cakes or biscuits.

**BUTTER STRETCHER**
**(Makes half-pound butter go as far as one pound.)**

**Half-pound butter, 1 level tablespoon ground rice, 1 cup milk, 1 egg, scant ¼ teaspoon salt.**

Break butter into pieces in a bowl, beat smooth with a wooden spoon. Blend ground rice with milk, add beaten egg and salt. Cook over boiling water, stirring continuously, until the consistency of thick custard. Allow to become cold, beat a little at a time into the butter. Beat until smooth leave to become firm. Press to size and shape of a pound of butter.

**First Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. South, 42 Valentine St., Ivanhoe, Vic.**

**APPLE CRUMB TARTLETS**

**Eight ounces shortcrust pastry, 2 apples, 2 tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon water, 1½ cups stale cake crumbs, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 2 tablespoons chopped raisins, 1 egg, jam.**

Roll pastry thinly, line patty-tins. Simmer apples to a pulp with water, sugar, lemon rind. Cool, add crumbs, cinnamon, raisins, and egg-yolk. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-white. Place ½ teaspoon jam in each patty case, fill with apple crumb mixture. Bake in a hot oven, 400 degrees, 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot as a dinner sweet or cold for afternoon tea.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Gillett, 14 Coane St., Merewether, N.S.W.**

**CHEESE PUDDING**

**Three-quarters pint milk, 1 cup fine white breadcrumbs, 3oz. grated cheese, 1 dessertspoon butter, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne, 2 eggs, few walnuts to garnish.**

Heat milk almost to boiling point, add butter, salt, and cayenne. Pour over breadcrumbs and cheese. Add beaten egg-yolks, lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into greased ovenware dish, bake 25 to 30 minutes in moderate oven, 325 degrees. Serve very hot with triangles of toast or wafers of brown bread and baked tomato halves.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to L. Fitzpatrick, 10 Gilderthorpe Ave., Randwick, N.S.W.**

**VELVETY SPONGE**

**Four eggs, 1 cup castor sugar, 1 level tablespoon butter, 1 cup milk, 1 cup plain flour, 2 tablespoons cornflour, pinch salt, 1 heaped teaspoon baking powder.**

Separate whites from yolks of eggs. Beat whites stiffly, add sugar gradually, beat well. Add yolks, continue beating 5 minutes. Sift flour, baking powder, salt, and cornflour 3 times. Fold into eggs and sugar. Lastly fold in hot milk with melted butter. Pour into greased 7in. sandwich-tins, bake in moderate oven, 350 degrees, 20 to 25 minutes. Turn carefully on to cake cooler. When cold join with chocolate or mock-cream filling.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss B. O'Dwyer, 74 Buckland St., Harristown, via Toowoomba, Qld.**

## CALCIUM IN THE DIET

**By SISTER MARY JACOB**
**Our Mothercraft Nurse**

IT has been proved that all the functions of the body would be adversely affected by the continuance of a diet low in calcium, the blood requiring it for the process of clotting.

More is required during the period of growth, as good bone formation demands large supplies of calcium and phosphorus, but most of the foods which supply the former fortunately also yield good supplies of the latter mineral.

It is most important that expectant and nursing mothers, like young growing things, have a diet very rich in calcium.

It has been calculated that in mixed diets about two-thirds of the total calcium is usually derived from milk.

Green leafy vegetables, egg-yolk, cheese, nuts, and dried fruits are other foods rich in calcium.

A leaflet describing this and other important minerals can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, and a copy will be forwarded upon receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope.


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FULL CREAM
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No Preservatives Added

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softly sighs,
And o'er the senses steals,
Enjoyment very much depends
On how the listener feels.
Music won't kill a nasty cold,
Or you from cough secure,
Enjoy good health and music too,
Take **Woods' Great Peppermint Cure!**

Woods' Great Peppermint Cure. First aid for Coughs, Colds, Influenza.

TWICE AS LOVELY SINCE SHE GOT RID OF
NERVES

Even if you've despaired of ever feeling fit again—if you've gone about nervy, listless and depressed—pale and lifeless—you can take heart, for what you are most likely suffering from is "Mineral Starvation," which can be corrected pleasantly, safely and quickly with Bidomak.

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THE TONIC OF THE CENTURY

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# ESCAPADE 'Rainbow'

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